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HEATHER MOORE · HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU

BLOOD STAINED TEETH

TM

**BOOK TWO
DRIP FEED**

Image Comics presents...

BLOOD STAIN

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BLOOD STAINED TEETH

BOOK TWO - DRIP FEED



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**BEFORE ATTICUS'S
HUNT BEGAN...**

*St. Carmilla
Hospital.*

"AND WHO
ARE YOU?"

"VAGRANT?"

"ADDICT?"

"LOOKING FOR
KICKS? FOR
SHELTER?"





When's your shift over?

SQK SQK SQK



SHOULD HAVE FINISHED FOUR HOURS AGO.

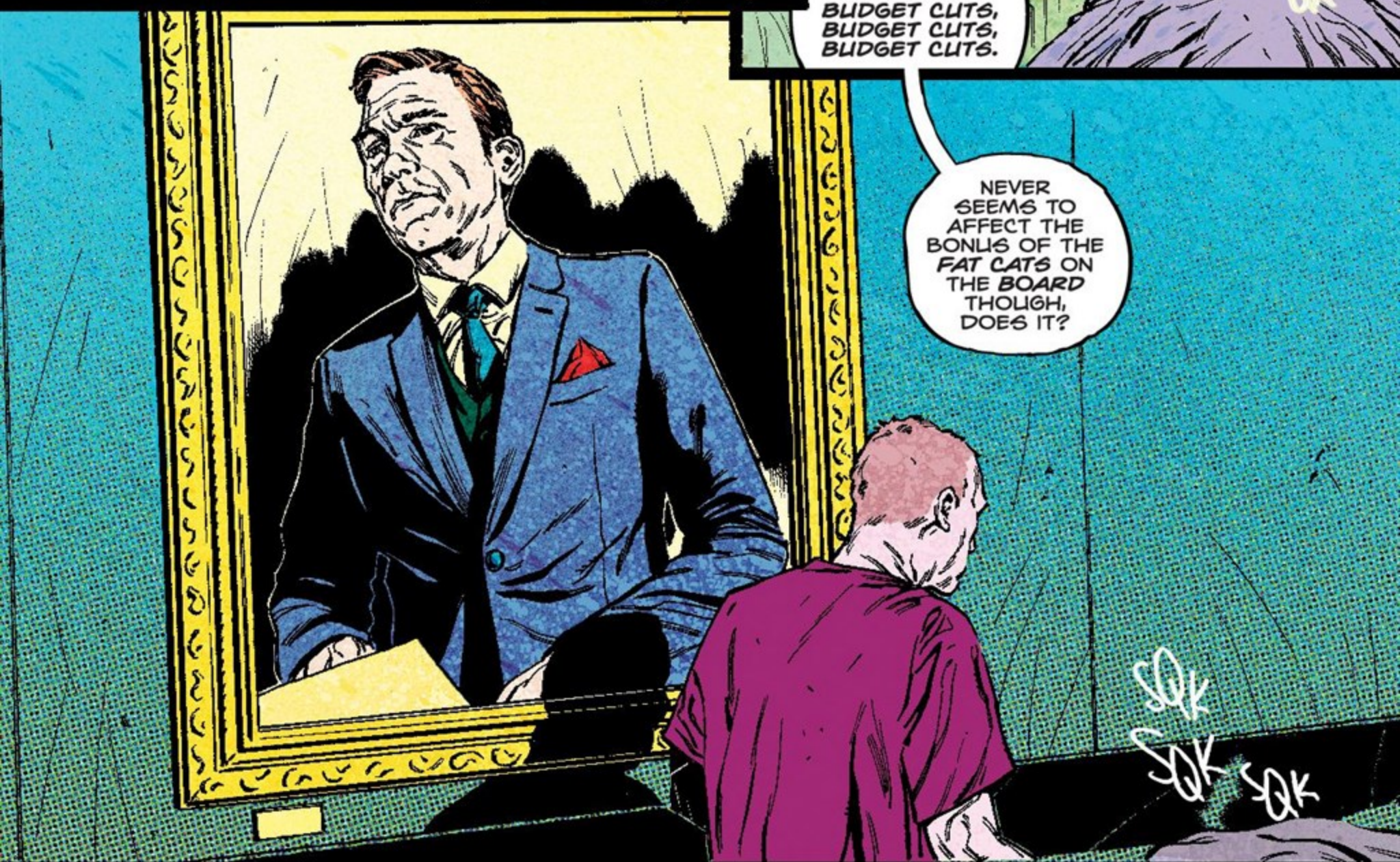
I'M EXHAUSTED. BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? THERE'S NO ONE ELSE.



SO, I EITHER STAY OR I GO HOME AND SOMEONE DIES.

TELL ME ABOUT IT. I'M SICK OF HEARING BUDGET CUTS, BUDGET CUTS, BUDGET CUTS.

SQK SQK SQK



NEVER SEEMS TO AFFECT THE BONUS OF THE FAT CATS ON THE BOARD THOUGH, DOES IT?

SQK SQK SQK



"YEAH. FLICKING WEIRD, ISN'T IT?"

SQK SQK SQK





WE
THINK ALL
OF THESE
PATIENTS ARE
WALKING OUT
ON US, AND
IT'S BEEN YOU
THIS WHOLE
TIME!

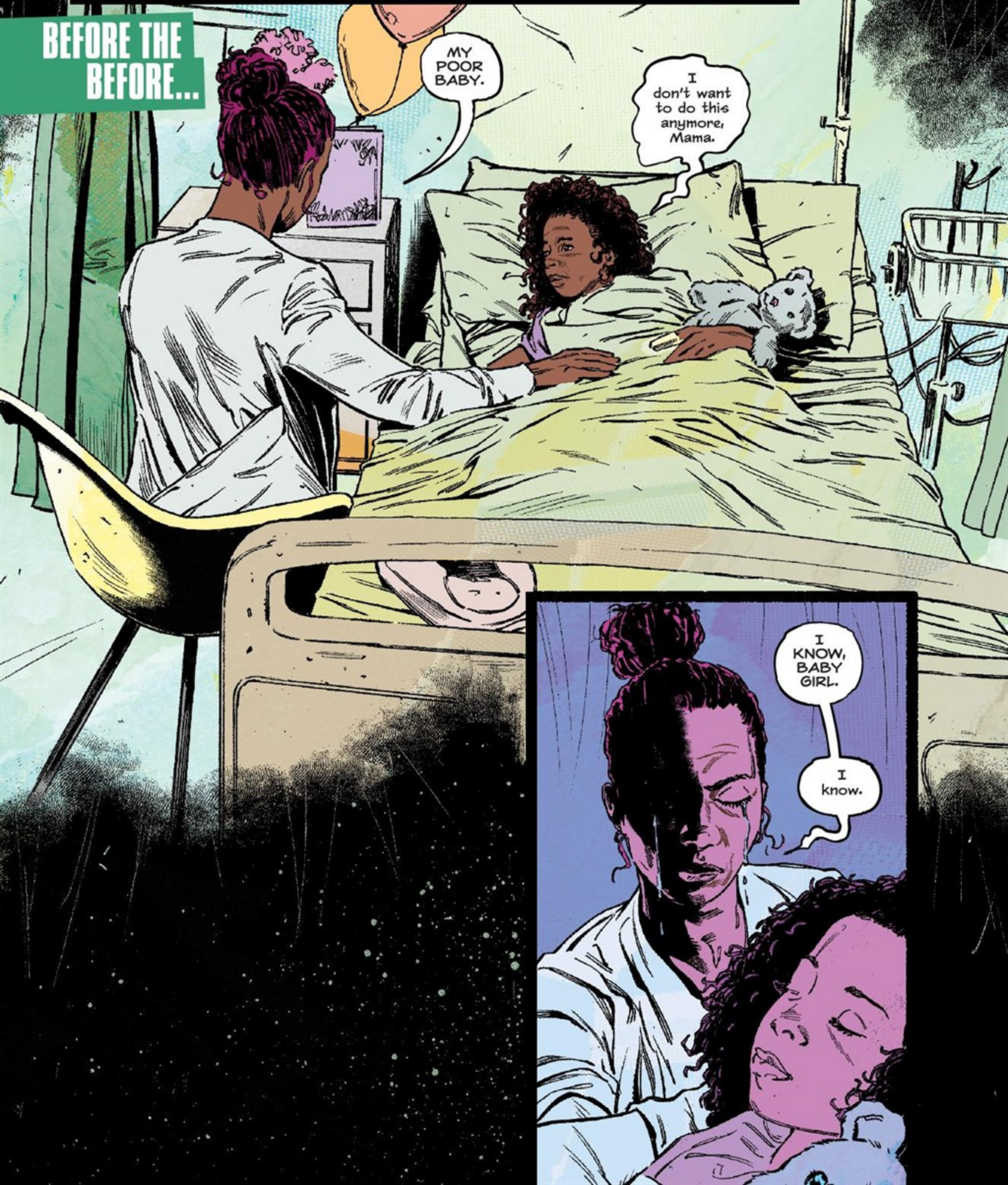
IT'S
FUNNY.
I DIDN'T COME
HERE FOR YOU,
BUT I GUESS US
SIPS GET AROUND.
FUCKING YOU UP
IS GOING TO BE
REAL NICE
BONUS.

WELL, WELL,
DOCTOR
PHELPS. WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

IT'S A
LONG
STORY.



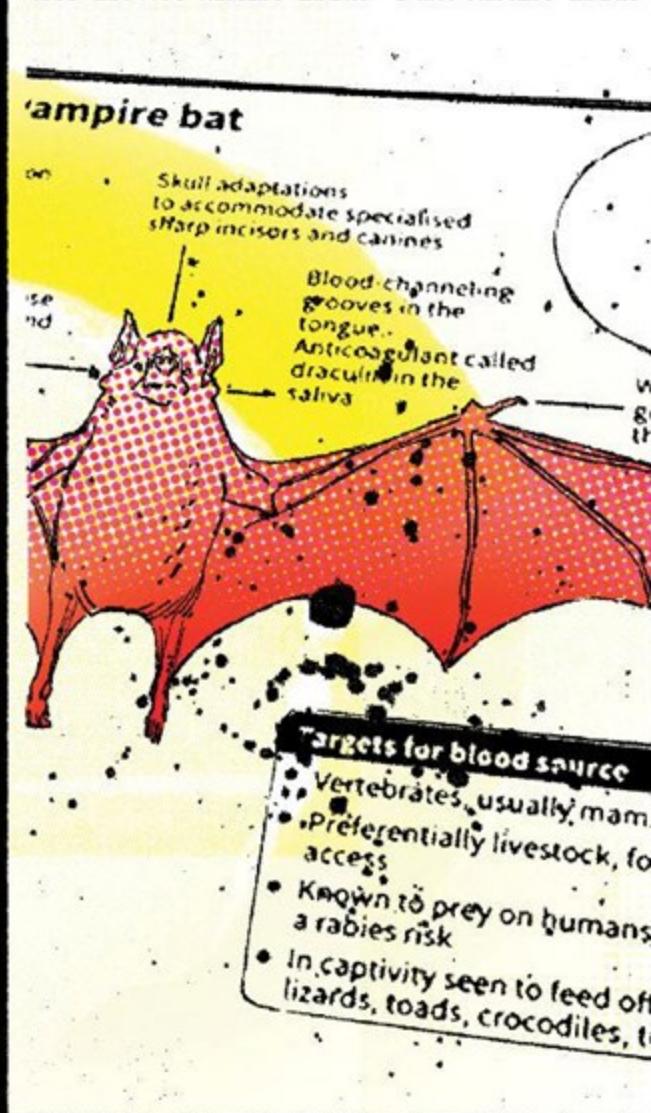
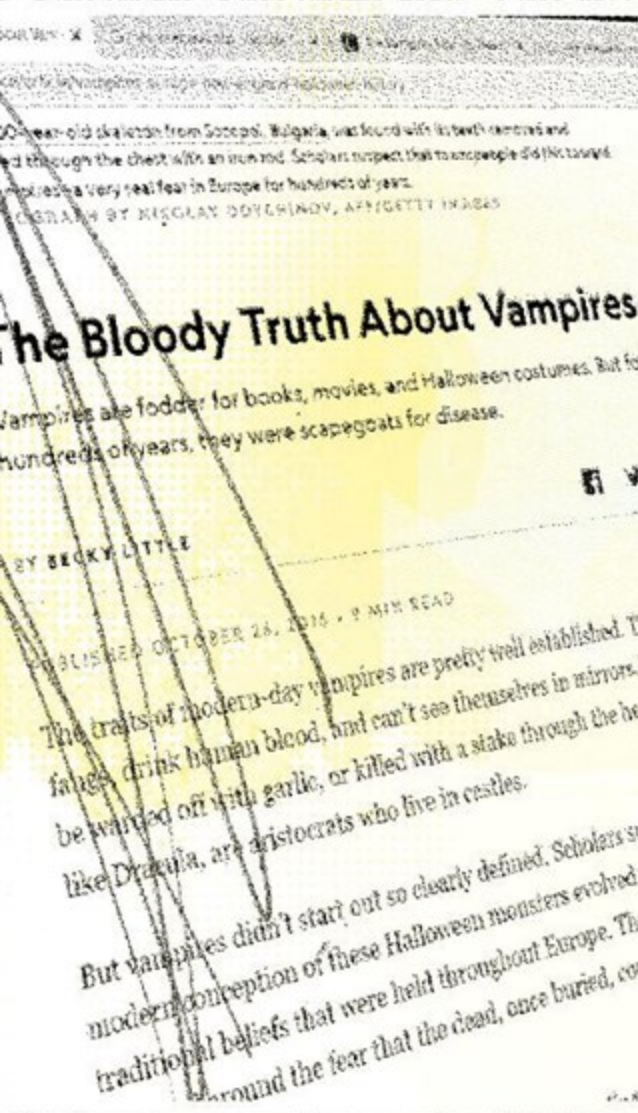
BEFORE THE
BEFORE...







...NOTHING
IS.





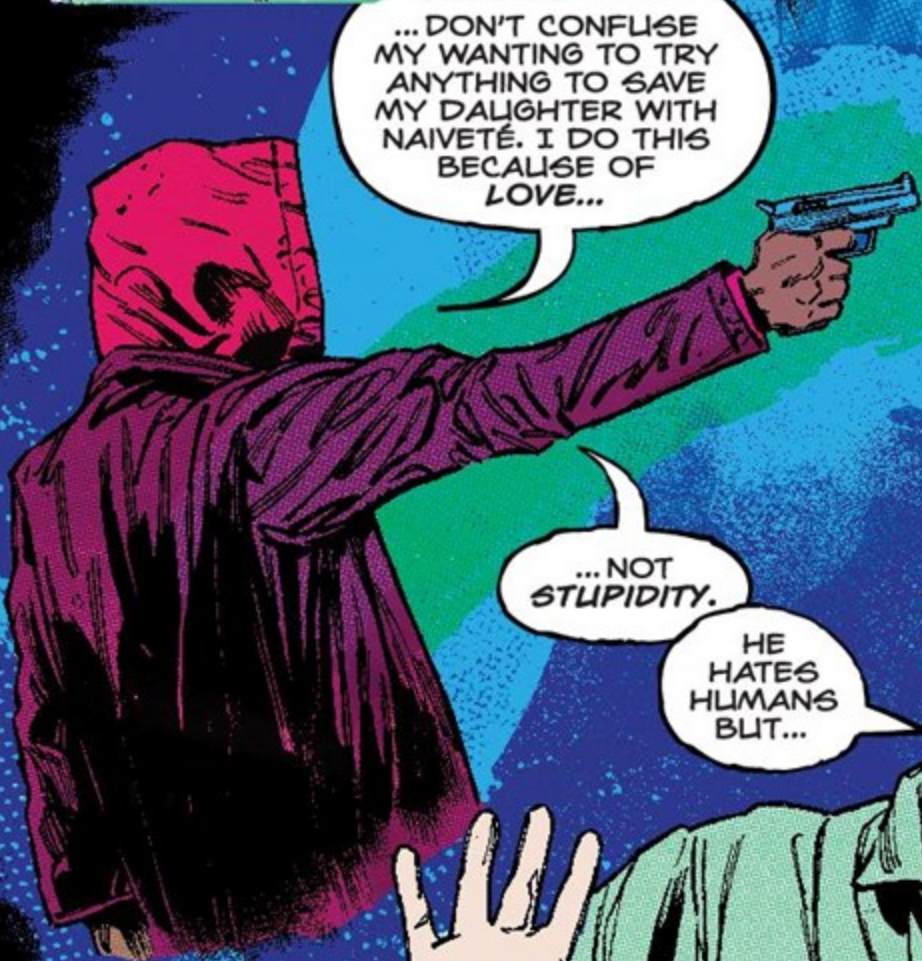
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DR. PHELPS,
IS IT?



BEFORE
WE
BEGIN...



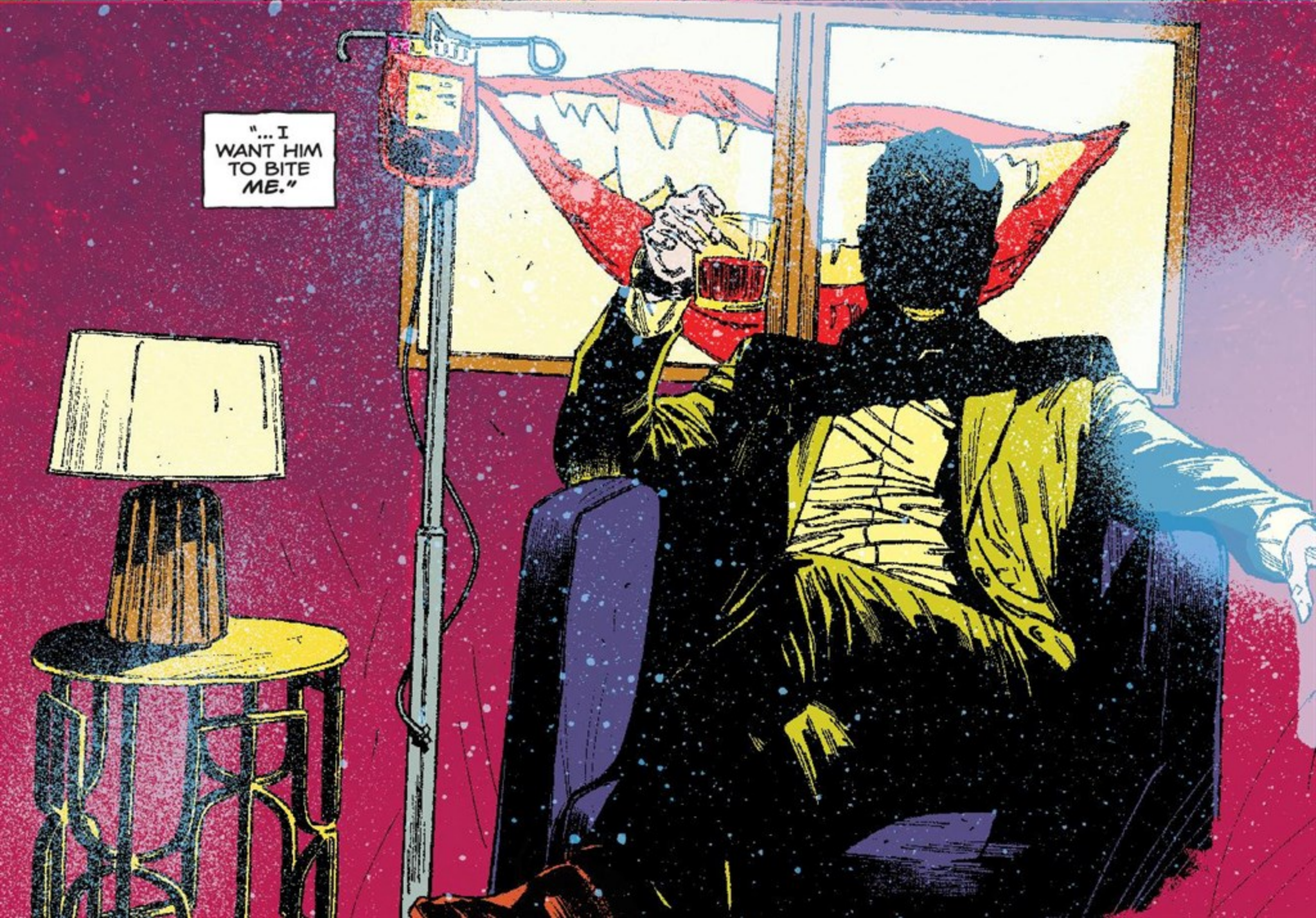
...DON'T CONFUSE
MY WANTING TO TRY
ANYTHING TO SAVE
MY DAUGHTER WITH
NAIVETÉ. I DO THIS
BECAUSE OF
LOVE...

...NOT
STUPIDITY.

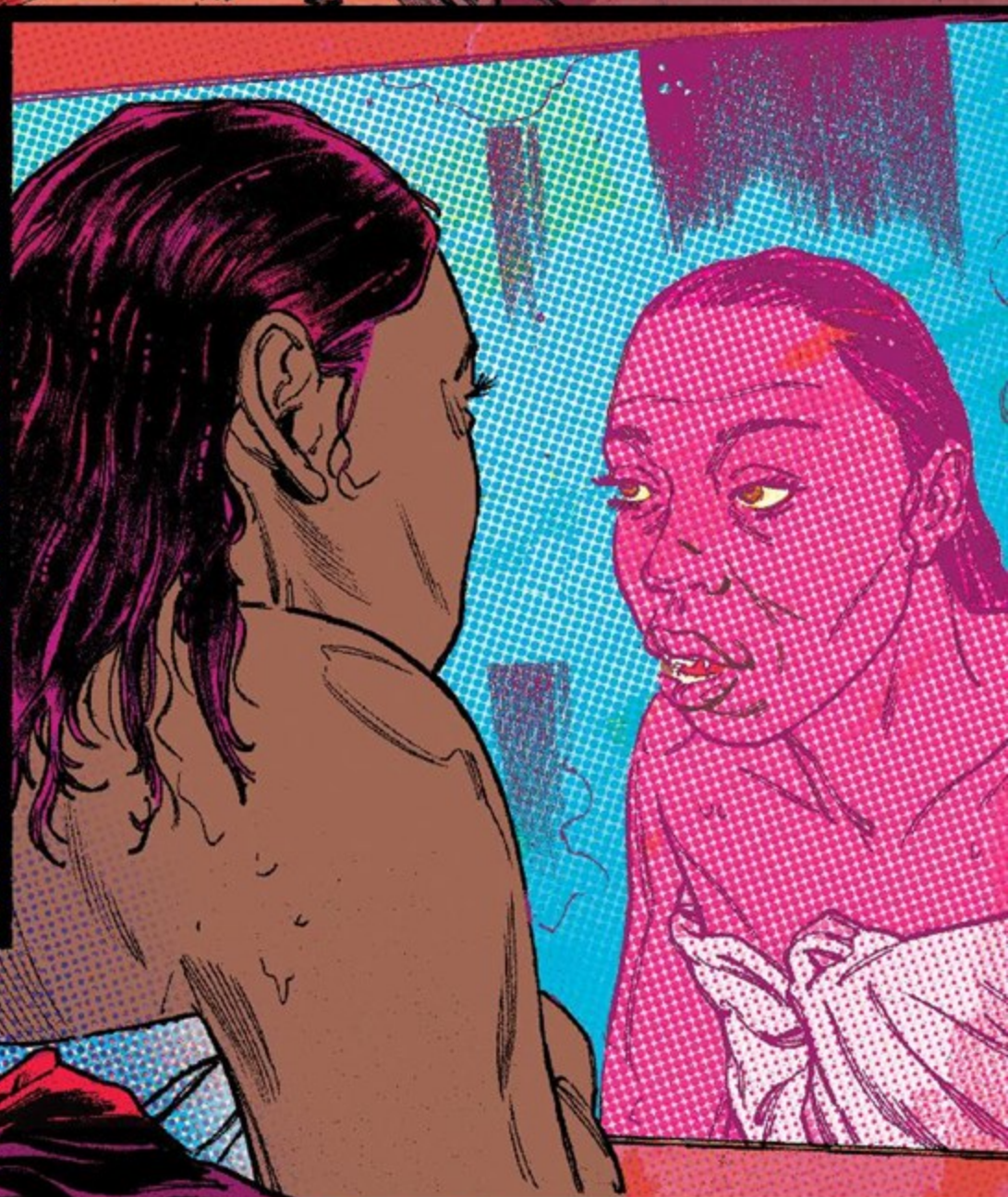
HE
HATES
HUMANS
BUT...



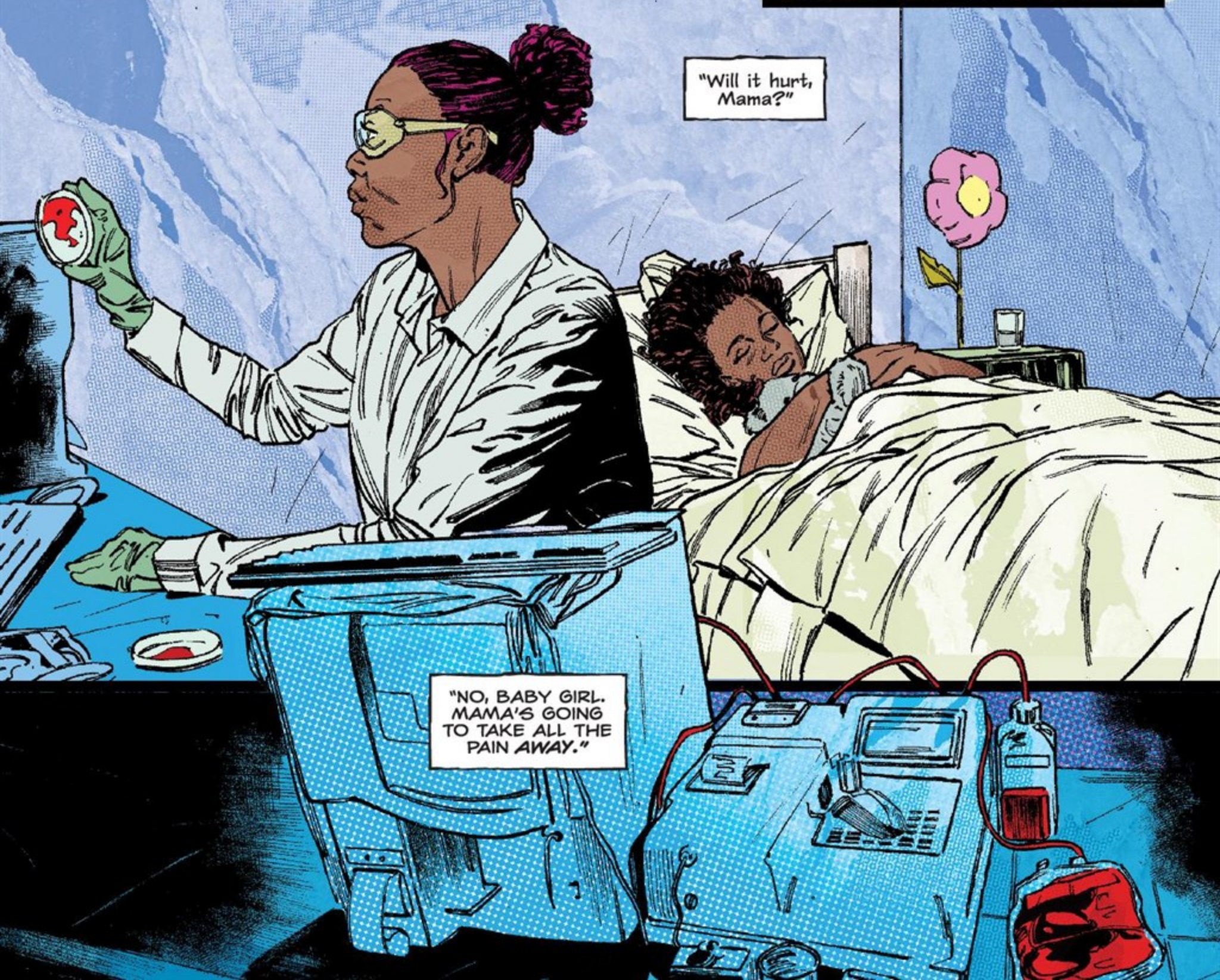
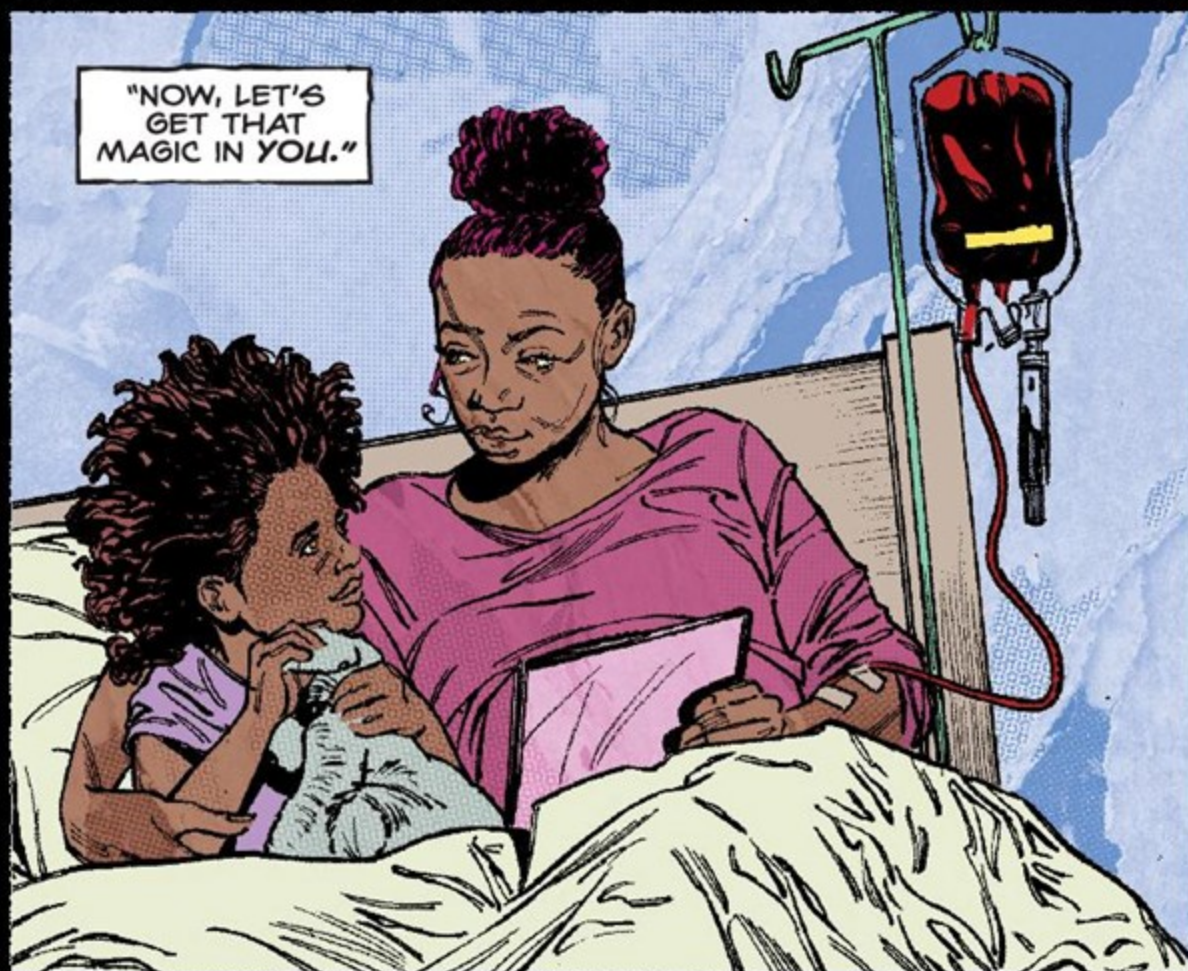
...I THINK
HE ACTUALLY
MIGHT LIKE
YOU.
NOW,
A FEW THINGS
BEFORE I
TAKE YOU
TO HIM...

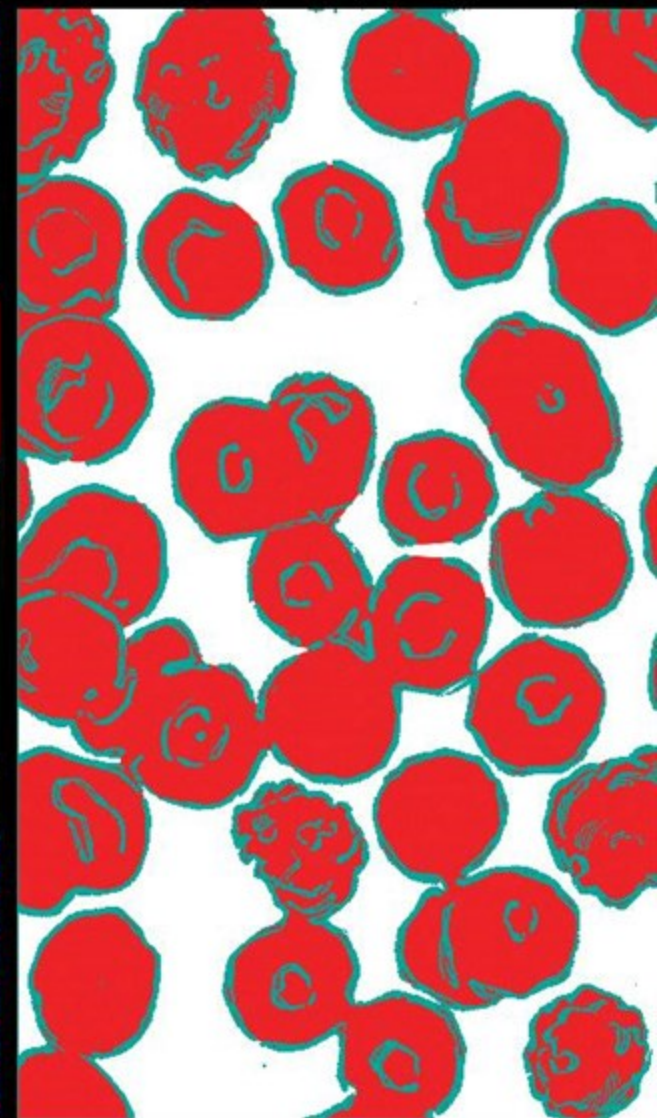
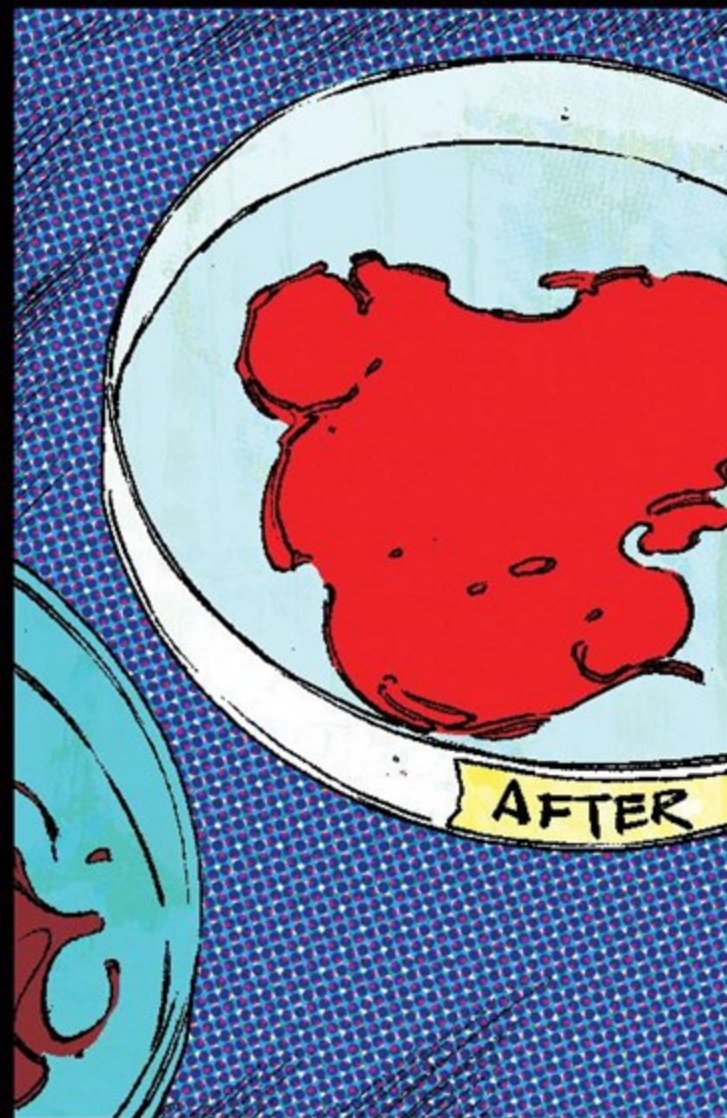
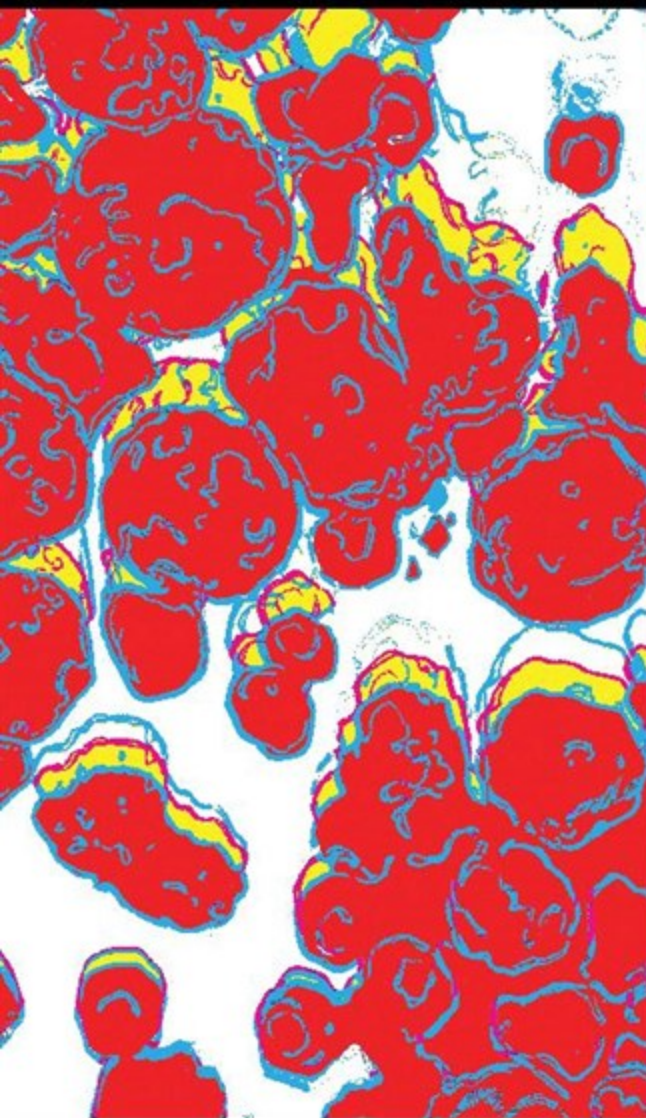














BACK TO THE
BEGINNING...

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'VE
NEVER SEEN
YOU BEFORE.
But then, I
see *lots*
of things
now.

Fuck
you.







...THE
FIRST
BORNS ARE
EVERY-
WHERE.



GOOD.
I'M GOING
TO NEED
AS MUCH OF
THEIR BLOOD
AS I CAN
GET.



YOU MISUNDERSTAND.
FIRST BORNS ARE
FASTER, STRONGER,
AND THERE'S MORE
OF THEM. YOU'RE
GOING TO NEED
SOMETHING TO
HELP YOU.

IT'S A
DANGEROUS
WORLD EVEN
FOR SIPS. SO
I LIKE TO
CARRY...



... well,
here.

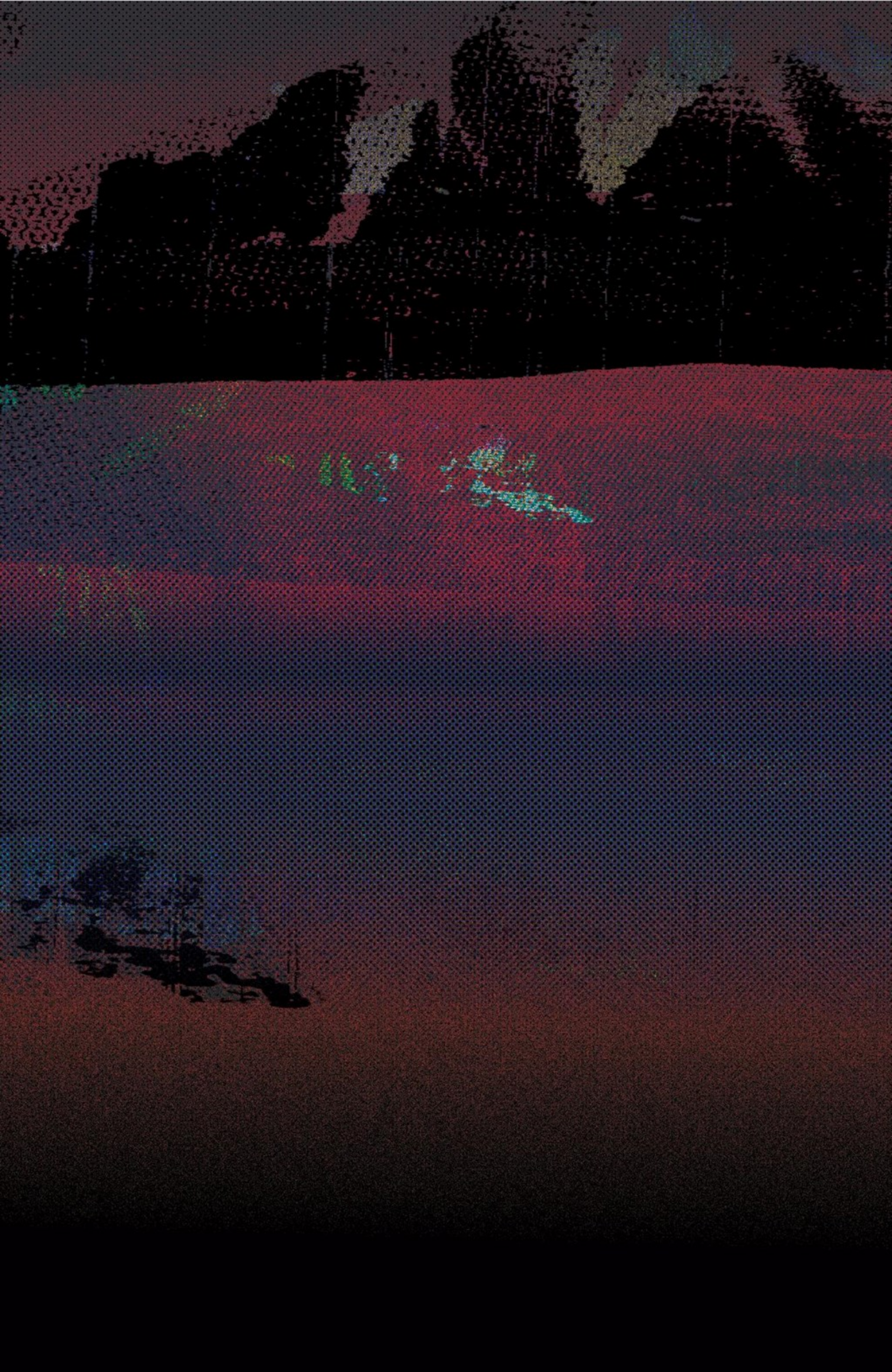
WHY
ARE YOU
HELPING
ME?

BECAUSE,
VAMPIRE OR
NOT, WE CAN
CHOOSE BEING
GOOD OVER
EVIL.



AND IF
WE'RE GOING
TO LIVE IN
THIS WORLD
FOREVER...

...LET'S
TRY AND
MAKE IT A
BETTER
ONE.



THE DARK AGES...

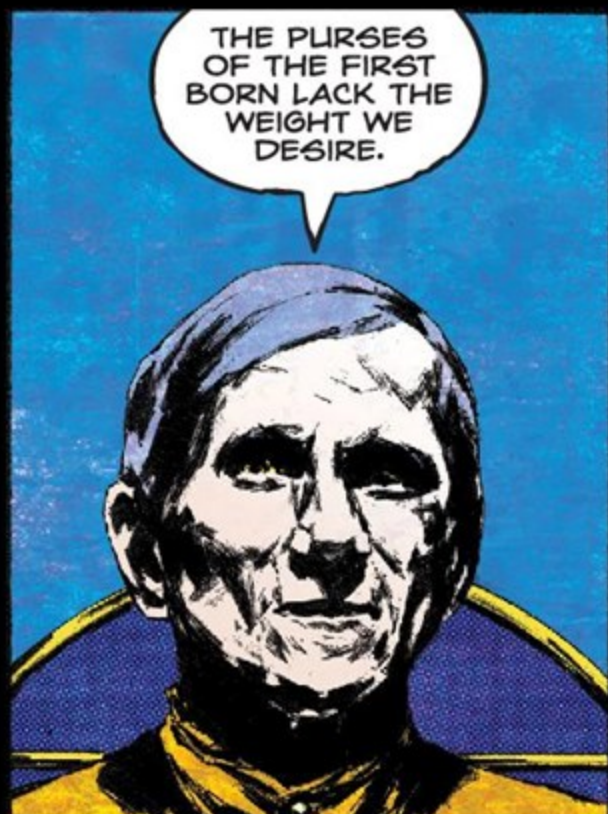




2
BROTHER
CASPIEN, OUR
DROUGHT
CONTINUES.



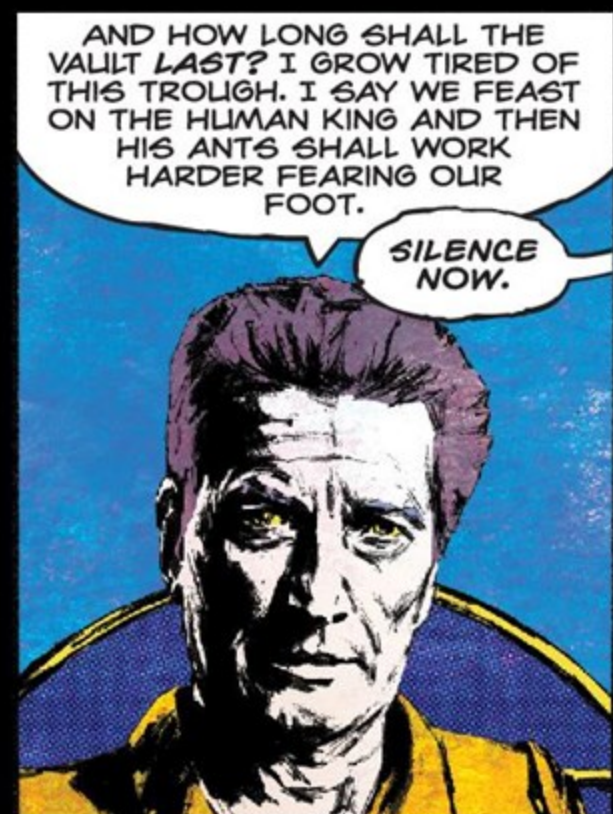
MY TAX
MEN FILL
ONLY THEIR
STOMACHS.



THE PURSES
OF THE FIRST
BORN LACK THE
WEIGHT WE
DESIRE.



THEREFORE, WE
HAVE LITTLE CHOICE
BUT TO CONTINUE
TO RELY ON THE
VAULTS.



AND HOW LONG SHALL THE
VAULT LAST? I GROW TIRED OF
THIS TROUGH. I SAY WE FEAST
ON THE HUMAN KING AND THEN
HIS ANTS SHALL WORK
HARDER FEARING OUR
FOOT.

SILENCE
NOW.



I, THE TONGUE,
SPEAK FOR OUR
FATHER.

KING BAT
SPEAKS.



RX4MP
WRAABMM
MRA

"WHEN
THE FAMILY
GROWS BUT
THE BANK
REMAINS, WE
KNOW WHAT
MUST BE
DONE."





For decades, Atticus Sloane
has been turning humans
into Vampires.

Now, he has a
month to find
all those that
he turned or
face **deadly**
consequences.

Kill all that he
has turned...

...or the First Born
Council will kill *him*.

NOW...

THIS
IS
BULLSHIT!

Bullshit.
Bullshit.
BULLSHIT.

NO
HUMAN
SHIT

Yeah,
you
said.

HEY,
DO ANY
FIRST BORN'S
SPARKLE?
That's not
a thing,
right?

Hurr, rghh.

YOU'D ROCK
SPARKLES,
I RECKON.

YOU ARE NOT
TAKING **THIS**
BULLSHIT
SERIOUSLY?

BOSS...
ARE YOU...

...drunk?

FERMENTED
BLOOD.
DELICIOUS.

IS THAT
A GOOD
IDEA?

IS *THIS* A GOOD IDEA?
SHOULDN'T YOU GO SEE
ONE OF THE FIRST BORN
SURGEONS ABOUT
YOUR HAND RATHER
THAN THIS BLACK
MARKET SHIT?

I *CAN'T*. I'M OUT OF THE
CLUB AND OUT OF MONEY--
AT LEAST UNTIL I FIX THIS
FUCKING *SIP* MESS. AND
WHY DID YOU THINK
WE'RE AT A BONE
MERCHANT?

Ugh!
FUCK!

Hmm.
YOU ARE
INDEED IN THE
BULLSHIT,
BOSS.

MR. SLOANE.

...MR. CLARENCE
WILL SEE YOU
NOW.

NO
HUMAN
SHIT



WHAT'S
WITH ALL
THE VAMP
BONES?

First Borne
rarely die, so
there's nothing
as precious as
their bones.



HUMAN
TEETH ARE
VALLIABLE,
TOO?

Fuck no, you won't
catch a Bone Merchant
selling anything human.
They're filed fangs.
Some Firsters like
to go incognito.

Now
shush,
ghost...

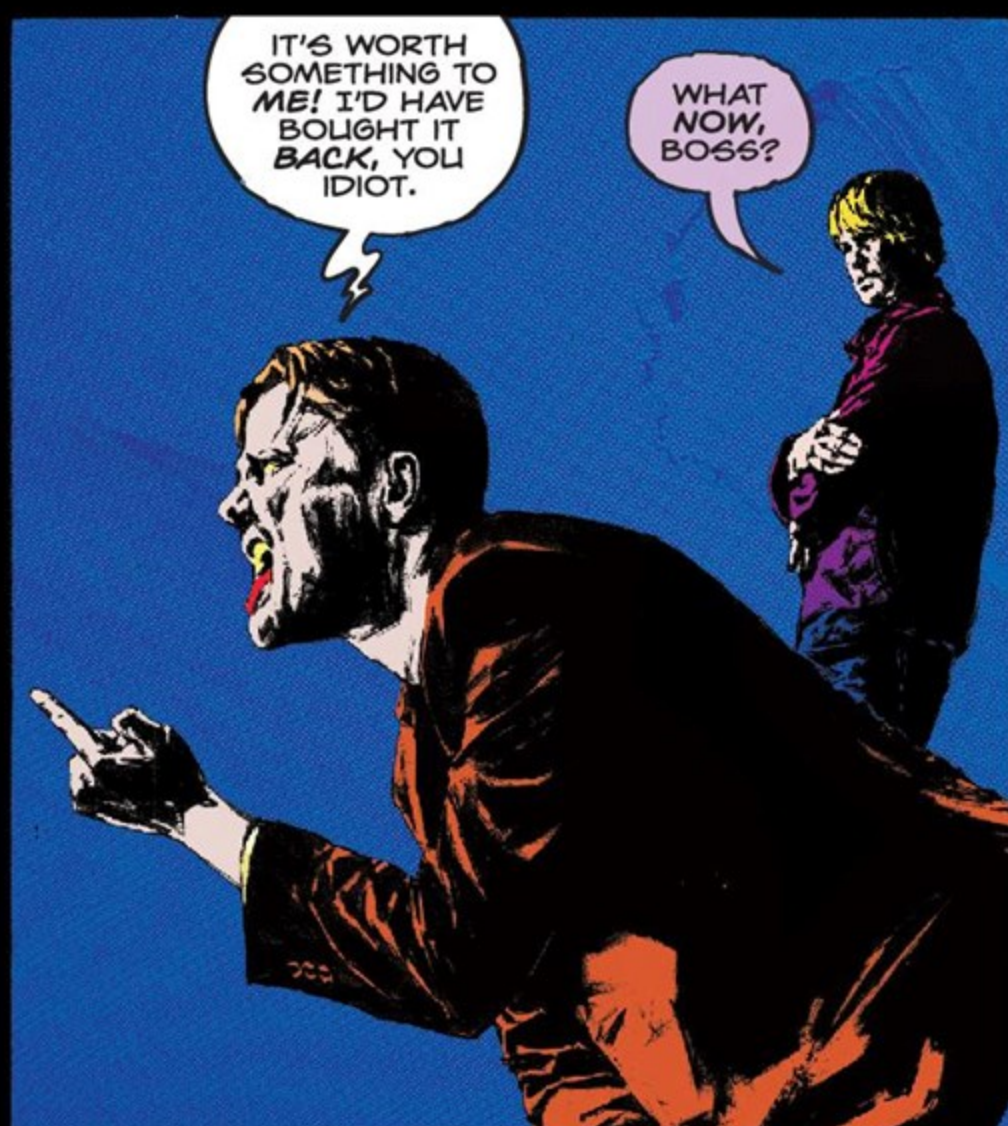
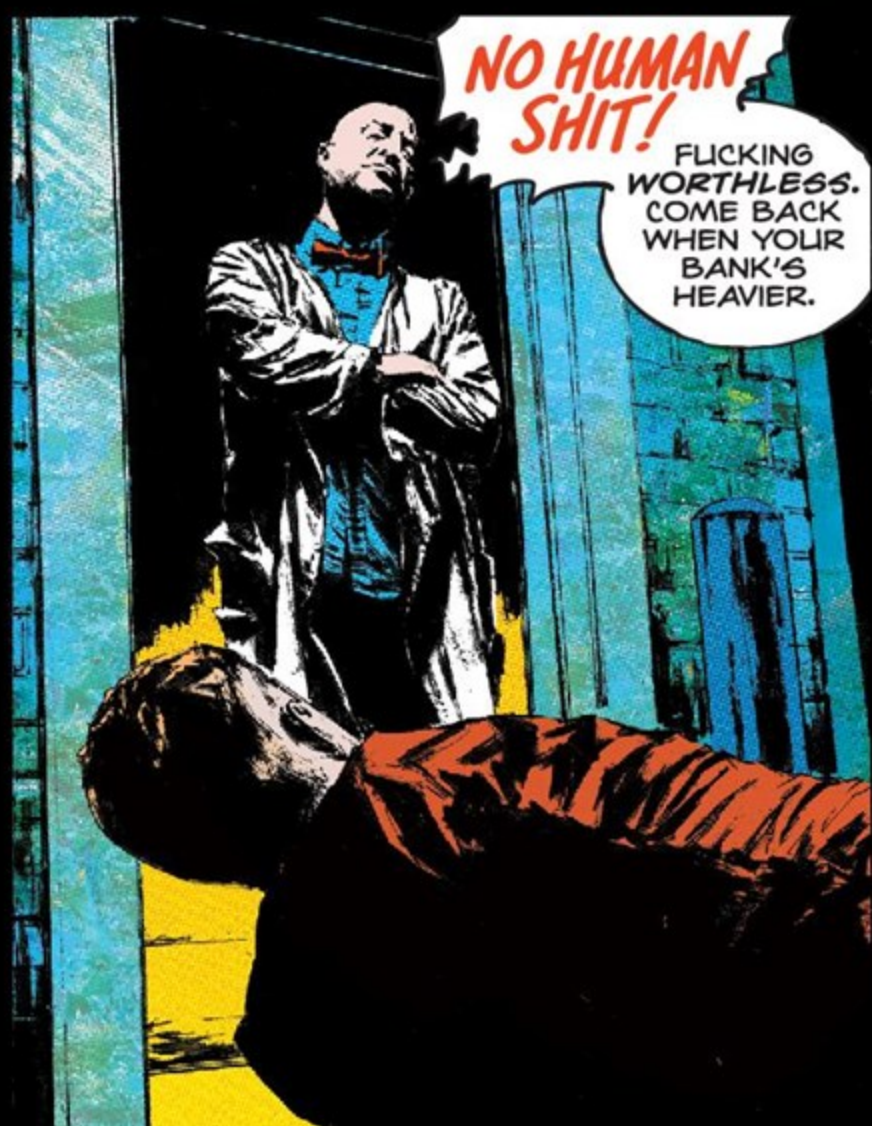


"... I've got
some business
to conduct."

ATTILUS
SLOANE, YOU
DIRTY BASTARD.
THE FUCK'S
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

YOU
SMELL LIKE
TURPS.







Yes, Joey,
I *know* that.
But I can
worry about
that later.

...

Who the
fuck cares if
it's *fair*? I need
money to fix this
hand so I can get
back to *killing*
Sips.

...

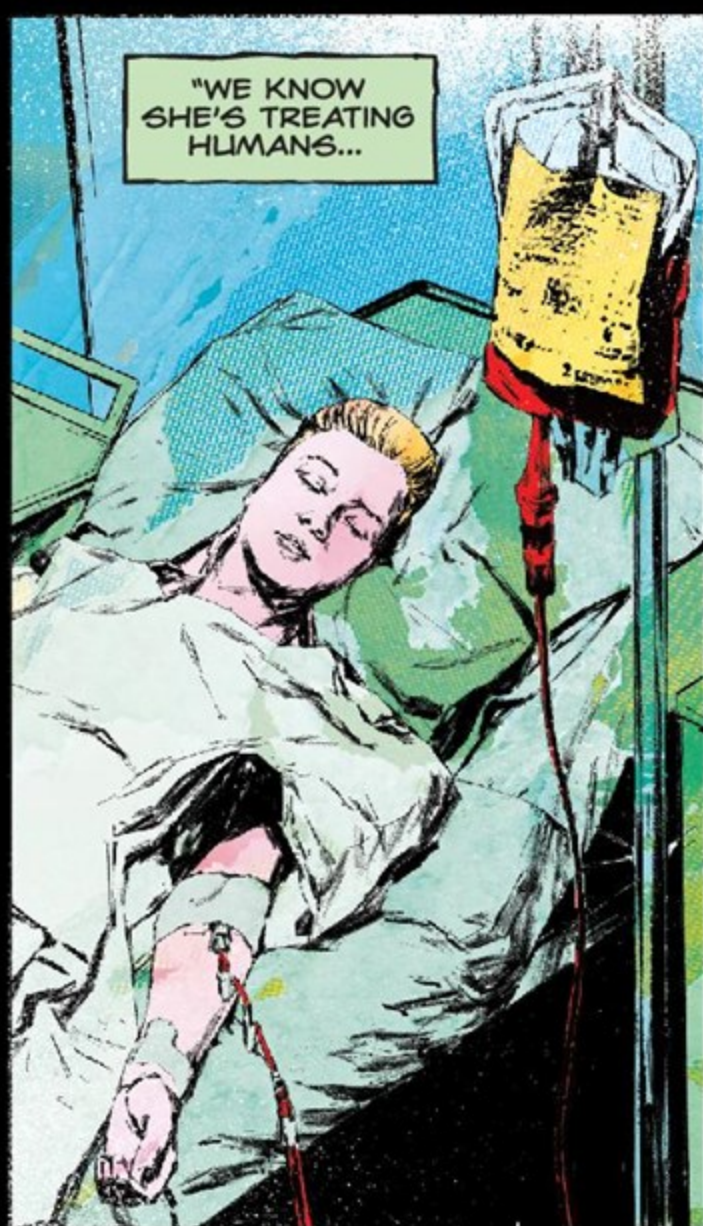
Oh,
fuck
off.

-hic-





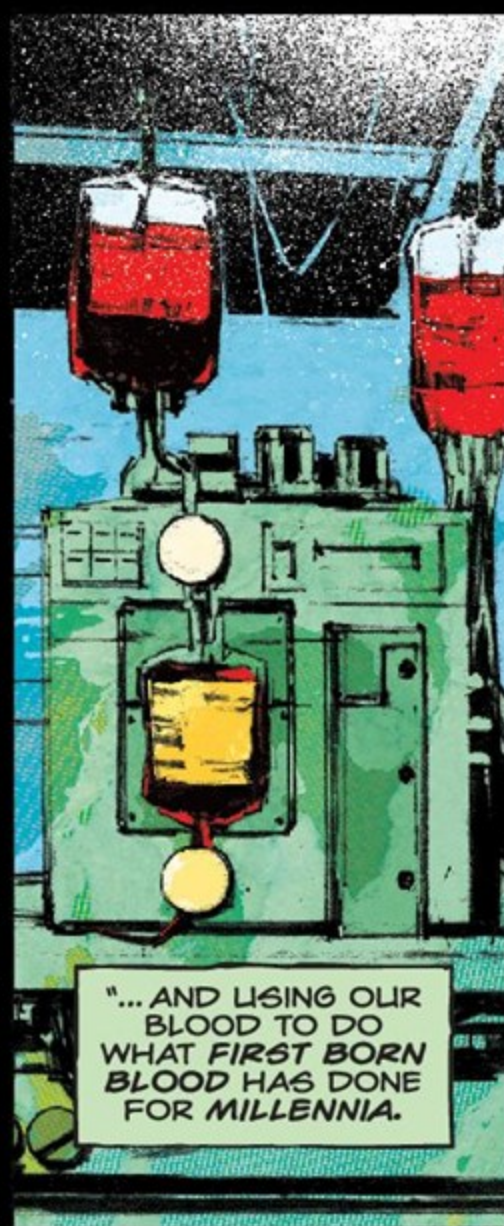
"WE KNOW SHE'S
RUNNING SOME
SORT OF MAKE-
SHIFT HOSPITAL."



"WE KNOW
SHE'S TREATING
HUMANS..."



"...BY HARVESTING
OUR BROTHERS,
FELLOW FIRST BORN..."



"...AND USING OUR
BLOOD TO DO
WHAT FIRST BORN
BLOOD HAS DONE
FOR MILLENNIA."



"HEAL."



THOUGH GEOGRAPHICALLY LIMITED, WE ARE SEEING THIS HOSPITAL'S EFFECTS ON OUR PHARMACEUTICAL REVENUES IN A NUMBER OF OUR MORE POPULAR CANCER LINES.



EXACTLY. NOW, SHE HIDES IN THE SHADOWS AND MAKES HER HOSPITAL KNOWN ONLY IN WHISPERS.



HER ATTACK ON US SHOWS SHE'S GROWING IN CONFIDENCE.



AS YOU KNOW, I'VE LOST MY OWN SON.

HUBRIS KILLED YOUR SON, BROTHER STOKER.



NOW WE WILL TAKE OVER...





BOSS, THINK THIS THROUGH. YOU'RE GOING TO TURN THIS PERSON, TAKE THEIR MONEY, AND THEN WHAT?

TRACK 'EM DOWN AND KILL THEM A DAY LATER?

YET!

I HAVEN'T KILLED THOSE BRIDES OF MOON.

Yet.



"BOSS. THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY."

"JOEY. FOR FUCK'S SAKE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY?"



"THAT BLOODY IDIOT SIP COMES KNOCKING AT MY DOOR ASKING ME TO KILL HIM."

ATTILUS, IT'S ME, IT'S JEFF.

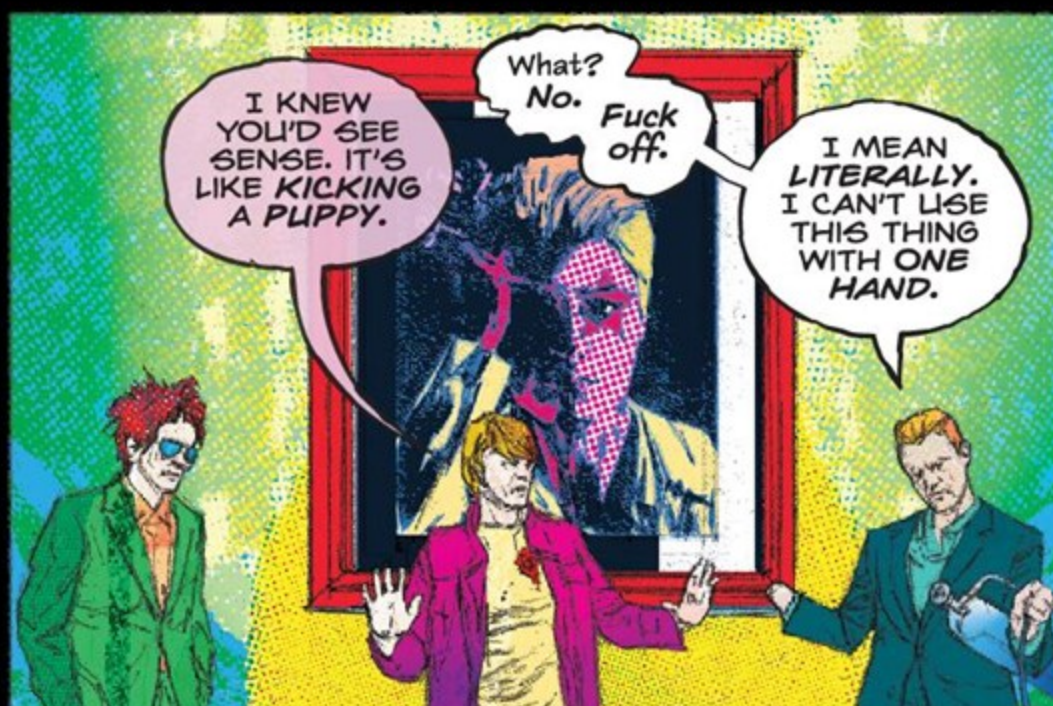
PLEASE. YOU'VE GOTTA KILL ME.



"COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASIER. RIGHT?"

COOL SHIT, DUDE. I DIG IT. ALEX STARR IS THE BOMB.

sigh
I CAN'T DO THIS.



I KNEW YOU'D SEE SENSE. IT'S LIKE KICKING A PUPPY.

What? No. Fuck off.

I MEAN LITERALLY. I CAN'T USE THIS THING WITH ONE HAND.









"Hmm. SHE WAS
NICE. I MUST BE
GETTING SOFT.
LIKING A HUMAN."



**FUCK
YOU.**
THEY'RE THE
REASON I'M
IN THIS
MESS.



NO,
BOSS.
THEY'RE
FLUCKING
NOT.



"YOU ARE.

"EVERY CHOICE
YOU MADE
HAS BROUGHT
YOU HERE.



"WITH EACH
ONE, THE
PRESSURE
BUILT.

"ALL THE WHILE YOU
THOUGHT YOU WERE
PROTECTED BY
YOUR *PRIVILEGE*.

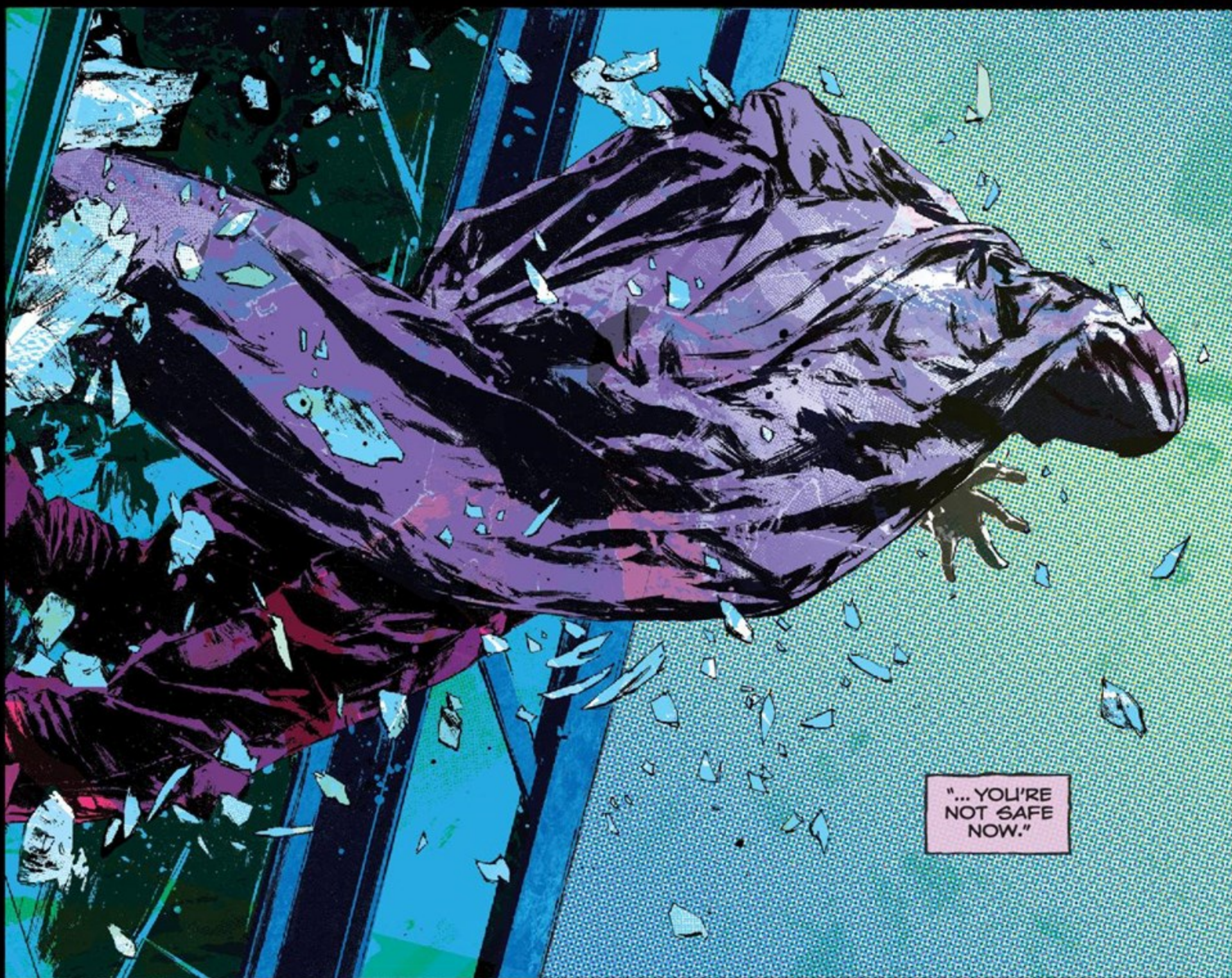


"YOU
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
SAFE.



"THAT NO
CONSEQUENCES
WOULD EVER
REACH YOU.

"WELL...



"... YOU'RE
NOT SAFE
NOW."



WHAT
THE FUCK
DO YOU
CARE?

YOU'RE
ALREADY
DEAD.



"AND YOU'RE WRONG.
I'M STEPS AHEAD OF
THOSE FIRST BORN
COUNCIL FUCKERS..."



"...I'M TAKING THIS
MONEY TO THE
BONE MERCHANT
AND I'M BUYING
MY NEW HAND.



"THEN I'M GOING TO
FIND ALL THE REST
OF THOSE IDIOT
HUMANS I BIT...

"...AND I'M GOING
TO KILL EVERY
ONE OF THEM
ONCE AND FOR ALL.



"FLICK
TOOTH.

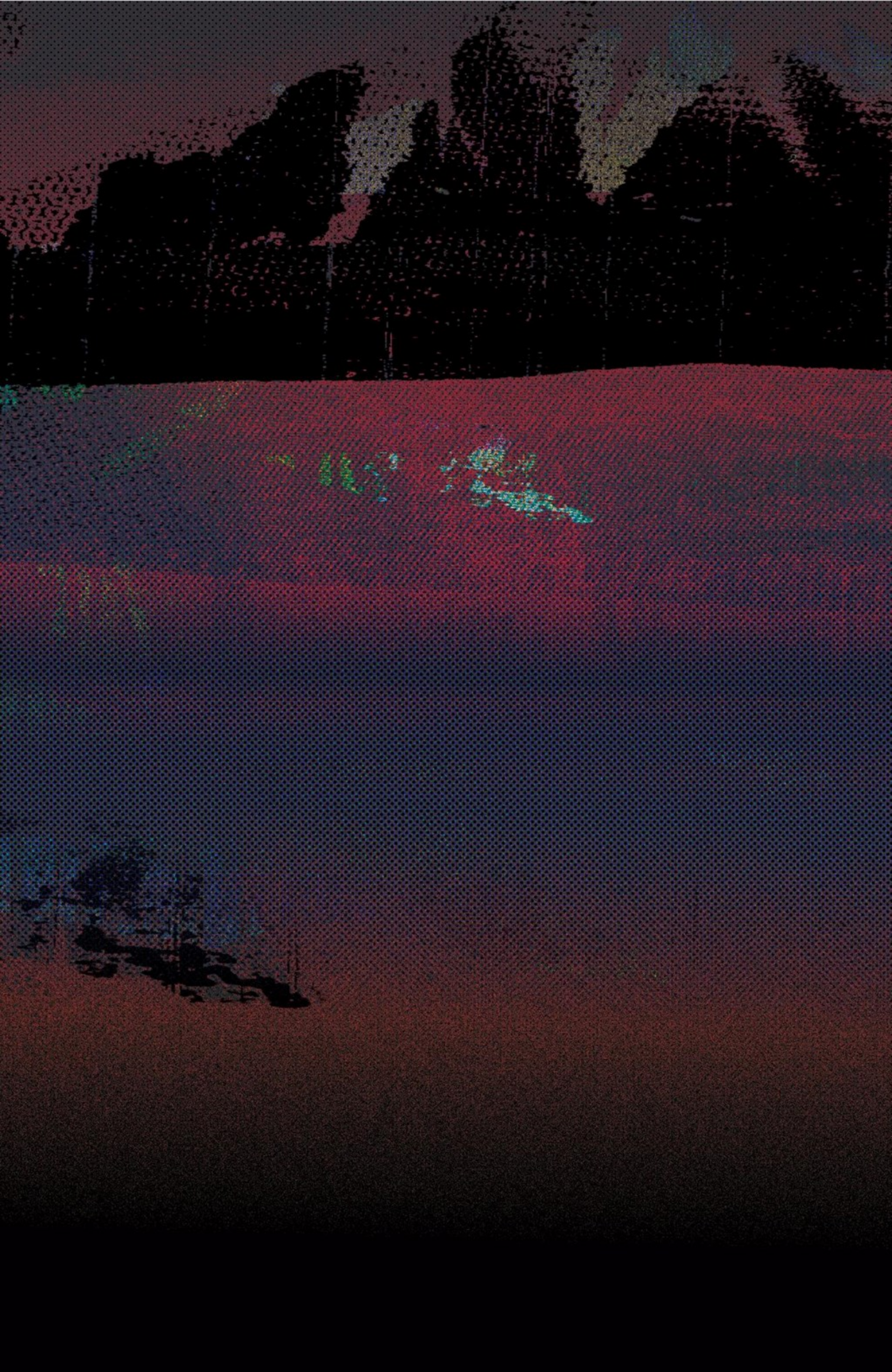
"FLICK THE
COUNCIL.

"AND
FLICK
YOU.



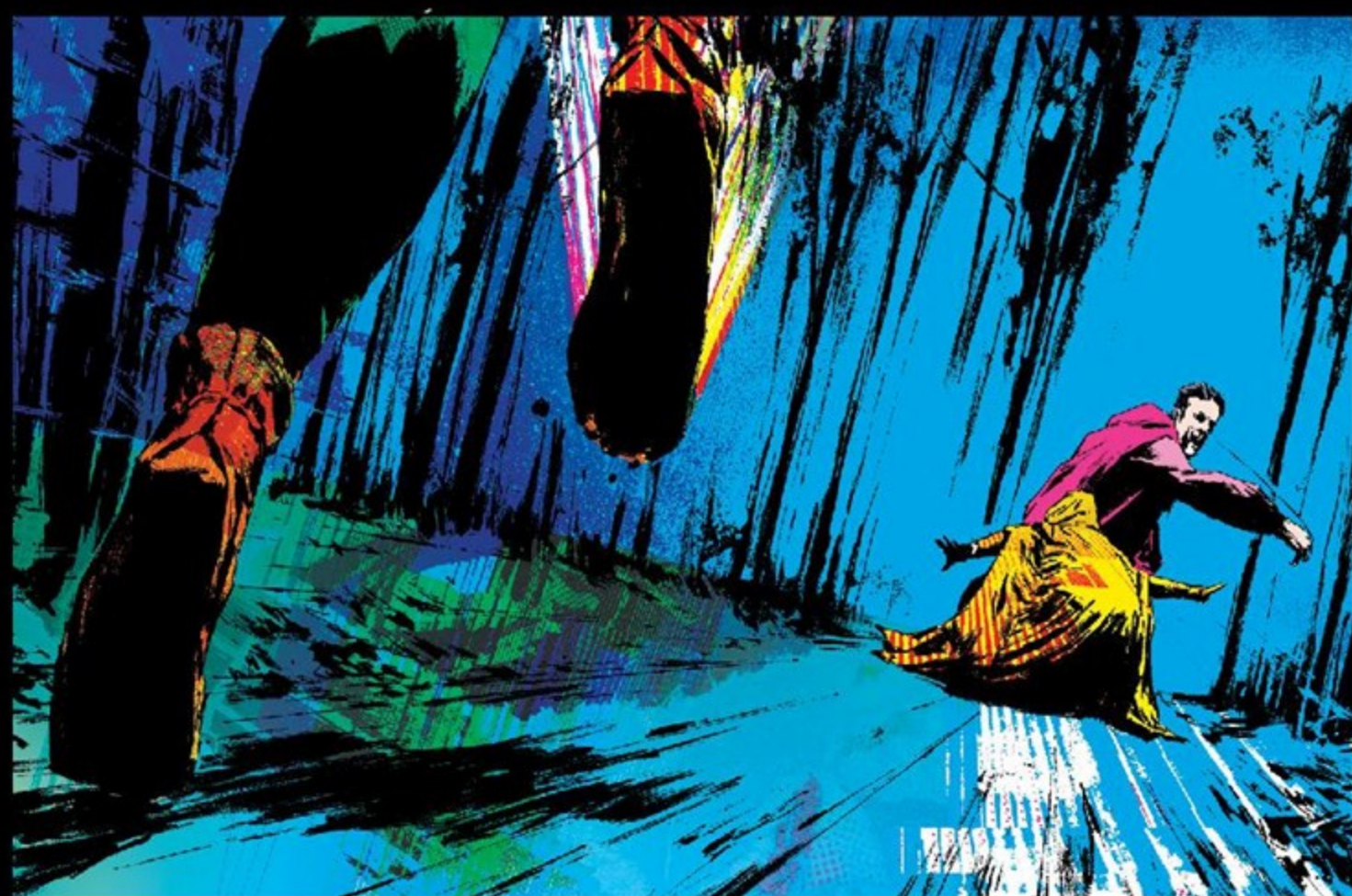
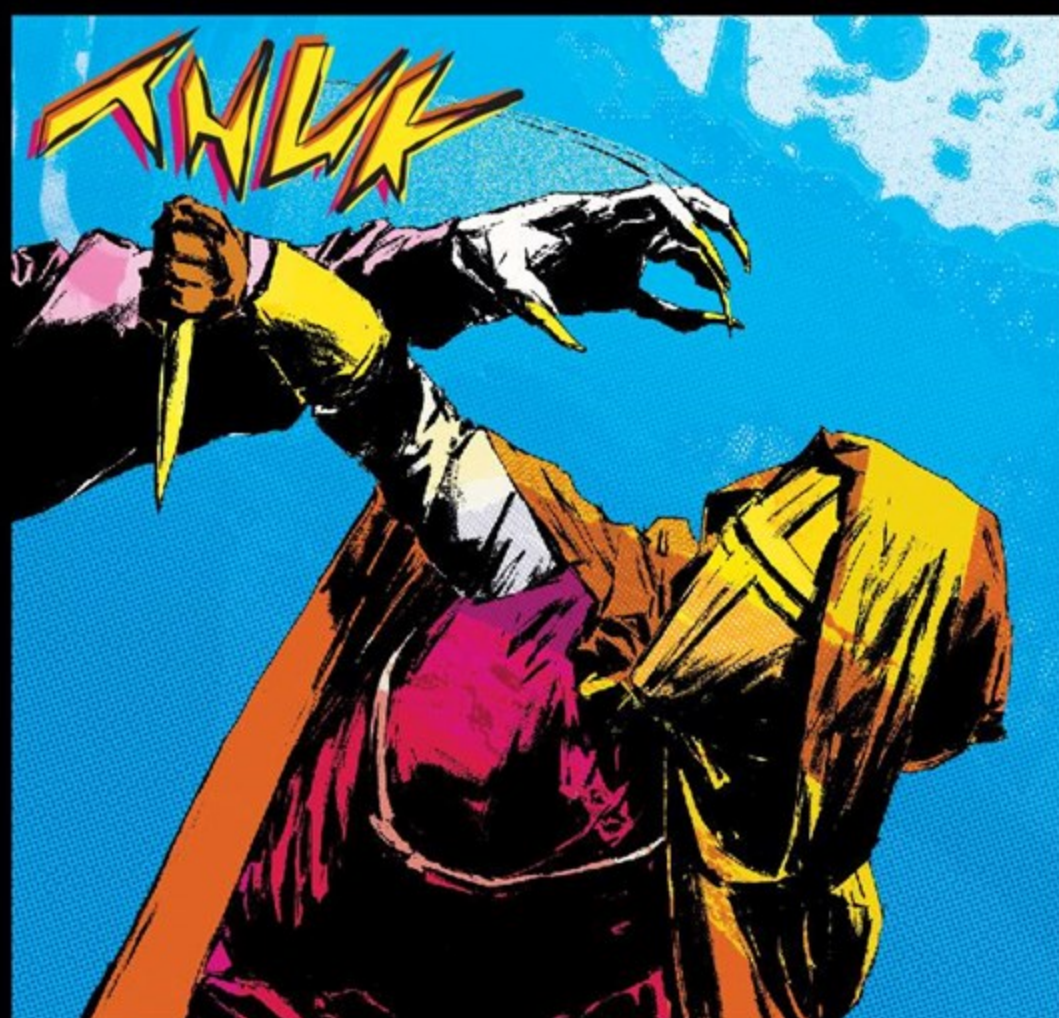
"I'M NOT GOING
TO LET ANYTHING
GET IN MY WAY.

"I'M
SURVIVING
THIS."



BEFORE
MODERN
MAN...











**For decades,
Atticus Sloane
has been turning
humans into
Vampires.**



**Now, he has a month
to find all those that
he turned or face
deadly consequences.**

**Kill all that he has
turned or the First
Born Council will
kill him.**

DAYS AGO...*

*Before issue #7.

FATHER,
YOU
SLIMMONED
ME?

I DID,
CHILD. I HAVE
A MISSION
FOR YOU.

TODAY
THERE WILL
BE A MEETING
OF THE COUNCIL,
WHICH I DESIRE
YOU TO ATTEND. WE
HAVE A **WAYWARD
SIP** CAUSING BOTH
PHYSICAL AND
FINANCIAL DAMAGE
TO THE FAMILY. WE
WOULD LIKE HER
REMOVED.

PREFERABLY
BURIED IN A
COFFIN TO LIVE
OUT HER IMMORTAL
LIFE **SCREAMING**.

TODAY...

"I WANT YOU TO FIND THIS
SIP'S FATHER AND USE
YOUR CHARM TO CUT HER
LOCATION FROM HIM..."

"... AND ONCE YOU HAVE THAT, I'D LIKE
YOU TO USE YOUR BLADES TO **CUT**
HIS UNWORTHY LIFE FROM HIM, TOO."

"HIS NAME,
FATHER?"

"ATTICUS
SLOANE."

ANOTHER
SIP DONE,
AND THE
NIGHT IS
STILL
YOUNG.

JOEY, MY
IMAGINARY
GHOST
FRIEND,
I'M ON A
ROLL.

ONE
DOWN...

"...LET'S GO FOR SECONDS."

THE VAMPIRE-HUMAN DINING EXPERIENCE KNOWN COLLOQUIALLY BY THE FIRST BORN AS 'THE LOBSTER TANK.'



HOME TO ITS PROPRIETOR, SIP VAMPIRE KNOWN ONLY AS THE HEAD CHEF.



WHAT? WHY WOULD I FEEL GUILTY? IF YOU ASK ME, BECOMING A VAMPIRE TO 'CURE' YOUR GLAUCOMA IS A RIDICULOUS IDEA ANYWAY.



BROTHER SLOANE?

TALKING TO YOURSELF?

MY, YOU BECOME MORE ECCENTRIC BY THE DAY.

So fucking weird.



LANGUAGE, MY DEAR. OUR INTENDED ESTABLISHMENT WOULD NOT APPROVE, AND I WOULD BE DEVASTATED IF THEY REJECTED SUCH A CREATURE AS DELICIOUS AS YOU...



...BEFORE THE REAL FUN BEGINS.

Filthy. Dirty.







"THIS IS A RESTAURANT, ISN'T IT? DON'T YOU SERVE FOOD?"



"Ah, MONSIEUR. PLEASE. IT IS QUITE *SIMPLE*. YOU BRING A GUEST, AND WE GIVE THEM THE TIME OF THEIR *TINY LIFE*."



"THE HEAD CHEF IS AN *ARTIST*. JUST INCREDIBLE. HE CREATES NOT JUST FOOD BUT A *SUBLIME EXPERIENCE*..."



"...UNLIKE ANY OTHER. TRULY A NIGHT TO REMEMBER... BEFORE... Well..."



"...WE EXPERIENCE *THEIR* EXPERIENCE."



Honestly, I don't know if the food *improves* the *flavor*, but the *memory* of it is quite divine.



"AND MONSIEUR, WE REQUEST IT'S WOMEN ONLY, IF THAT IS TO YOUR TASTE? ONLY, AFTER... er, WELL...ahem... THEY JUST MAKE MORE **RESPECTABLE** GUESTS."



Hm.
Hn.

Oh. WAIT... HOW COULD I FORGET? I HAVE BROUGHT A GUEST WITH ME.



ISN'T SHE JUST A PEACH?



MONSIEUR!
THIS IS A FINE, LIPSTANDING...



SURE, SURE. NOW IF YOU'D **FUCK OFF** A LITTLE, I'D LIKE TO GIVE MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF!



BOSS,
WAIT A MINUTE.
ALL THESE FIRST
BORN FLICKERS
WALKED PAST THAT
VAGRANT SIP IN THE
ALLEY AND NONE
OF THEM CARE
ABOUT *THAT*
SIP.

WHY
WOULD THE
COLINCIL WANT
THIS CHEF *KILLED*
IF HALF OF THEM ARE
IN HERE *ENJOYING*
HIS RESTAURANT?!
SOMETHING ELSE
IS GOING ON,
WITH *ALL* OF
THIS.



"FUCKING HELL, JOEY.
STOP WITH THE THINKING,
WILL YOU? I JUST WANT
TO GET THIS DONE
SO I CAN RETURN TO
FUCKING NORMAL."



I'M
DEAD,
BOSS.
NORMAL'S
GONE.



Oh, god.
IT'S
YOU!







FUCK,
BOSS.
THAT WAS
COLD.

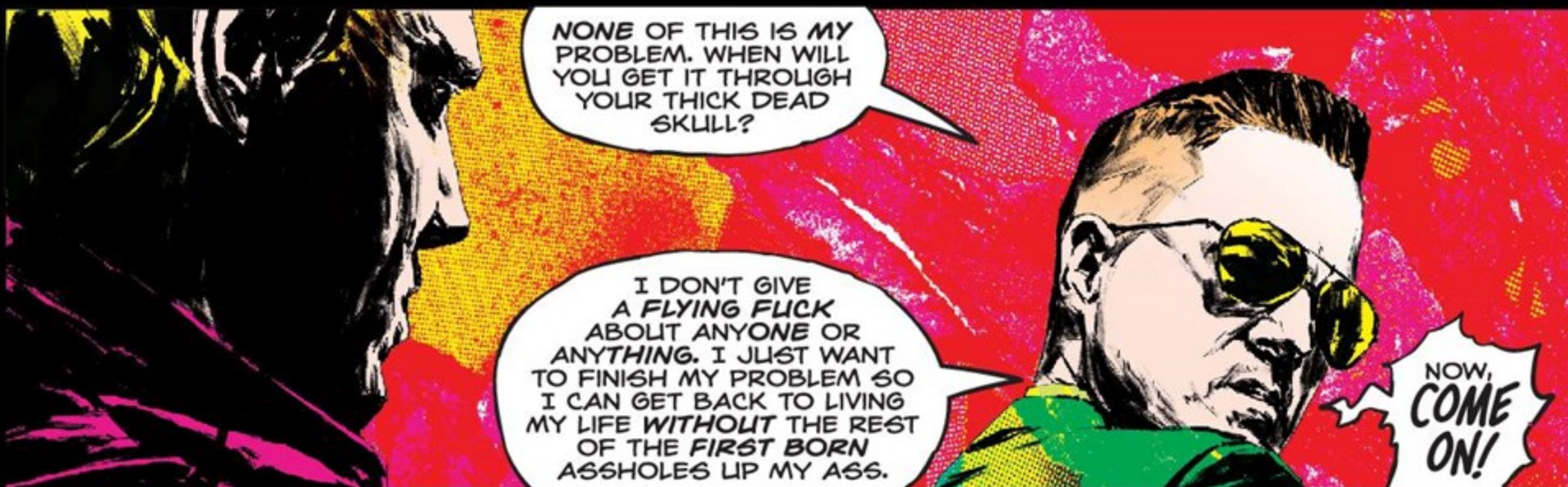
ME OR THEM, JOEY.
ME OR THEM.
NOW, LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE,
BEFORE...



...ah.



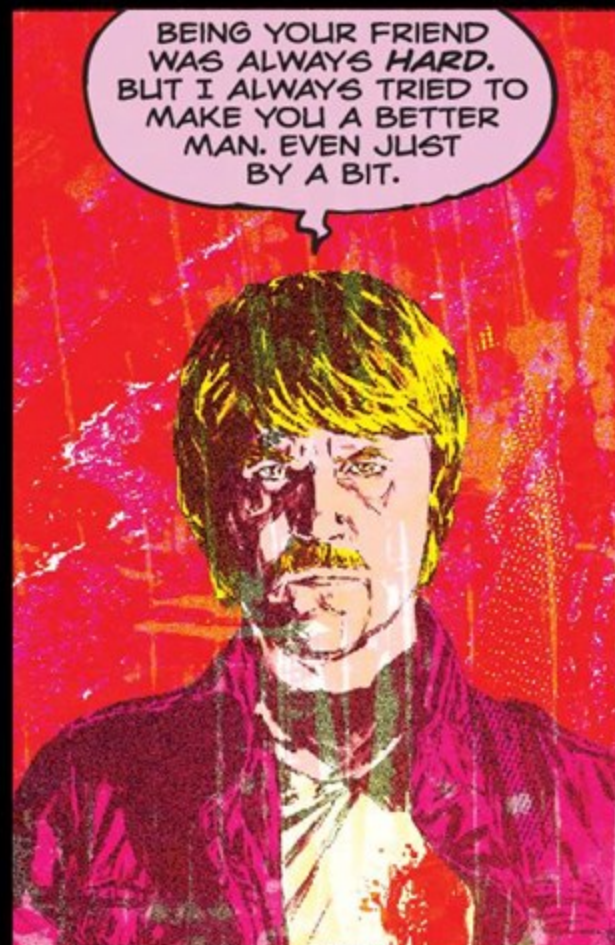
"BOSS. YOU'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING.
THESE POOR PEOPLE."



NONE OF THIS IS MY
PROBLEM. WHEN WILL
YOU GET IT THROUGH
YOUR THICK DEAD
SKULL?

I DON'T GIVE
A FLYING FUCK
ABOUT ANYONE OR
ANYTHING. I JUST WANT
TO FINISH MY PROBLEM SO
I CAN GET BACK TO LIVING
MY LIFE WITHOUT THE REST
OF THE FIRST BORN
ASSHOLES UP MY ASS.

NOW,
COME
ON!







I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU. WE HAVE A WAYWARD SIP...



"I WANT YOU TO FIND HER FATHER."



"USE YOUR CHARM..."



"... TO CLIT HER LOCATION FROM HIM."



WHO?

DON'T YOU
REMEMBER ME,
MR. BITE...?



YOU GAVE
ME A NEW
LEASE ON LIFE.
I THOUGHT I'D
REPAY THE
FAVOR.

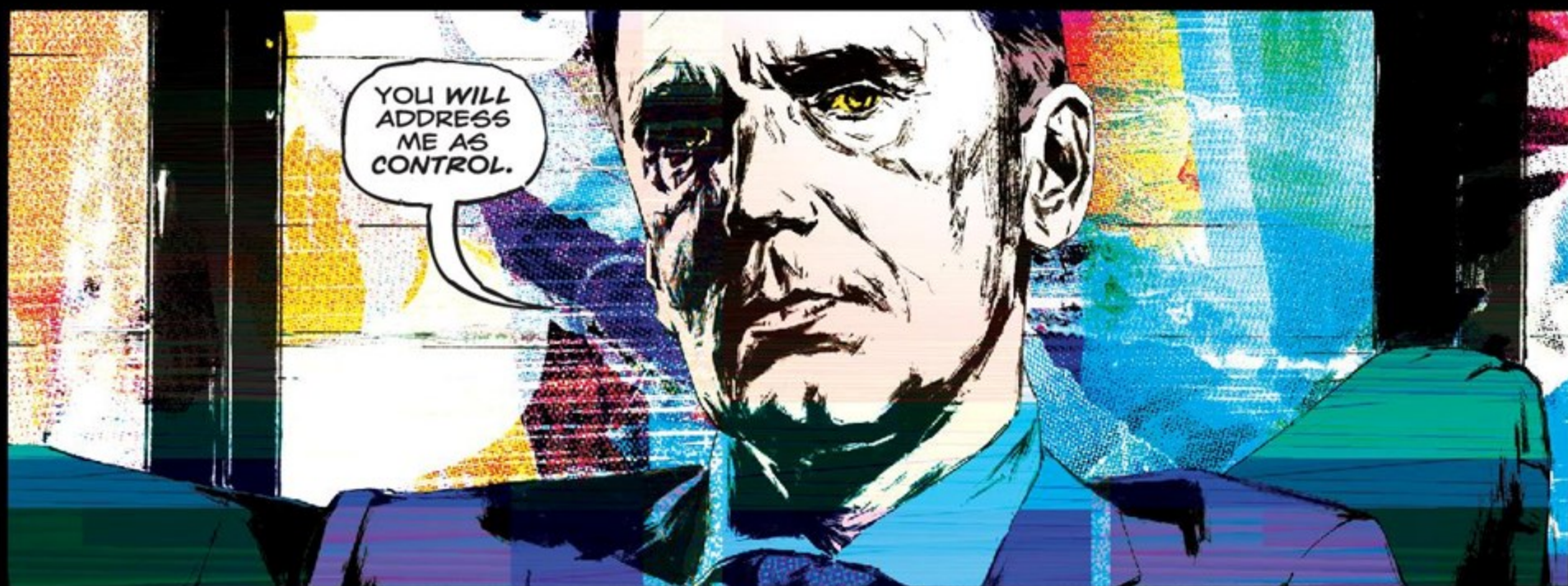
"I'D LIKE YOU
TO USE YOUR
BLADES TO CUT
HIS UNWORTHY
LIFE FROM HIM,
TOO."



I WISH I
COULD SAY
THIS WAS A
PLEASURE,
BROTHER
STOKER.



BROTHER
DAVID,
CHARMING
AS EVER.



YOU WILL
ADDRESS
ME AS
CONTROL.



Hnn. 'CONTROL.'
THE COLINCIL'S
IS ALWAYS SO
CONCERNED
ABOUT
CONTROL.



BUT TO
VIEW LIFE
STRETCHED
ACROSS
ETERNITY
SUCH AS
WE DO...

...IT'S AN
ILLUSION.
CONTROL COMES
AND GOES.
ONLY AN EVER-
CHANGING
NARRATIVE IS
CONSTANT.



AND THE
RIGHT STORY
CAN BE...

...IMMORTAL.

URKK-!!



CONTROLLING *LIFE* IS *FUTILE*, THE REAL SUCCESS LIES IN CONTROLLING THE *NARRATIVE*.

LIKE HOW JENFRAH HAS FAILED SO COMPLETELY TO FIND OUR ELLUSIVE DOCTOR, AND IN TURN, SAID DOCTOR WAS ABLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO YOUR INNER SANCTUM.

HKKKK!!

AND, UNFORTUNATELY, I FOUND YOU DEAD.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. TOOTH?

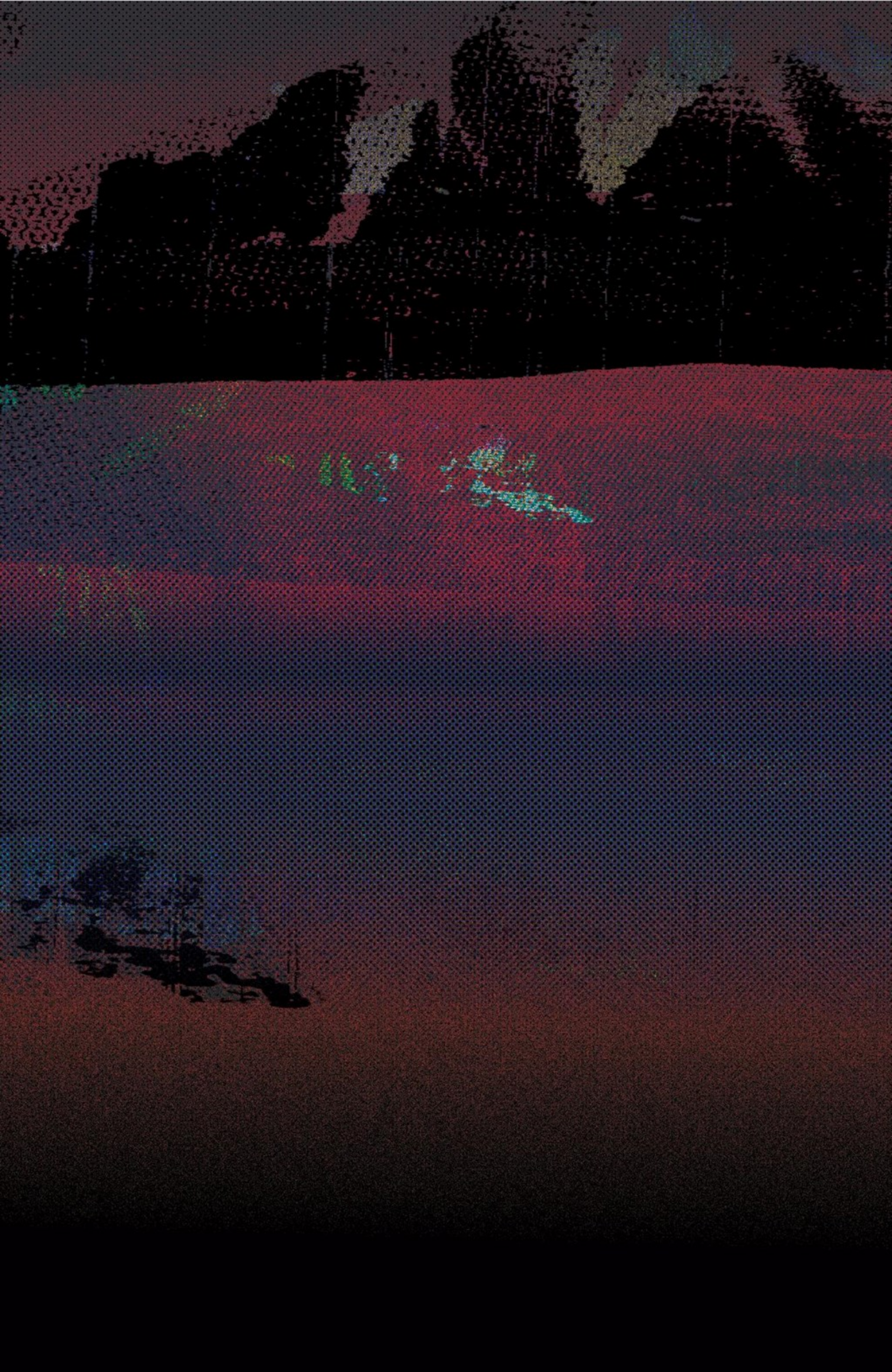


ABSO-
FUCKIN-
LUTELY,
MR. STOKER.

HK



NOW,
LET'S GO
KILL ATTICUS SLOANE.





Fuck.



HOW MUCH IS IT?

IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

SHIT, MAN, ALL THAT FOR NOTHING. WE SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS.



YOU DON'T LIKE EATIN'?



THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

I JUST DON'T LIKE IT UP HERE-- IT'S CREEPY. YOU AIN'T HEARD THE STORIES?

JOHNNY ZDARSKI, MAN. THERE WASN'T NO BLOOD LEFT IN HIS BODY, MAN.

THE STORIES? *Fuuck off.*



YEAH. NO SHIT. ZDARSKI TOOK A WALK OFF A TEN-STORY ROOF AND WENT SPLAT ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK.

I DON'T KNOW, MAN. I HEARD IT WAS THE VAMP.

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, BENNY, THERE AIN'T NO VAMP.

THERE.

AIN'T.

NO.

VAMP.

CHK



Holy fuck...



THE VAMP!

THOMAS CROWLEY aka THE VAMP MAN
Millionaire and Sip vampire vigilante.



WHAT ARE YOU?!

HE'S AN EMBARRASSMENT.



ATTICUS SLOANE!

I LIKE TO DRESS AS SNAPPY AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT THAT GETUP IS RIDICULOUS.



Gosh darn it, YOU SCARED THEM OFF.

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT, ATTICUS? YOU'VE BEEN GETTING YOUR MONEY.

I'M HERE FOR SOMETHING ELSE.

KOFF
KAFF



PRETTY NASTY COUGH YOU GOT THERE.

YEAH, TOO MUCH SMOKE RECENTLY. I NEED TO CUT DOWN.



Uh huh. AS NICE AS IT IS TO CATCH UP, THE NIGHT NEEDS ME. TELL ME THOUGH, ATTICUS, WHILE I HAVE YOU, WHY DON'T YOU EVER DO MORE GOOD WITH YOUR LITTLE SIP-MAKING ENTERPRISE?

DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF SOMEONE OTHER THAN YOUR-SELF?

KAFF
KOFF

WHY WOULD I THINK OF SOMEONE ELSE WHEN I SPEND ALL MY TIME WITH ME? BEFORE YOU FLY AWAY, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING--



For decades,
Atticus Sloane
has been turning
humans into
Vampires.



He had a month
to find all those
that he turned or
face **deadly**
consequences.

Kill all that he
has turned...

...or the First Born
Council will kill *him*.

WHEN I SAID TO CHARM
THE DOCTOR'S LOCATION
FROM SLOANE, THIS
ISN'T WHAT I HAD
IN MIND...



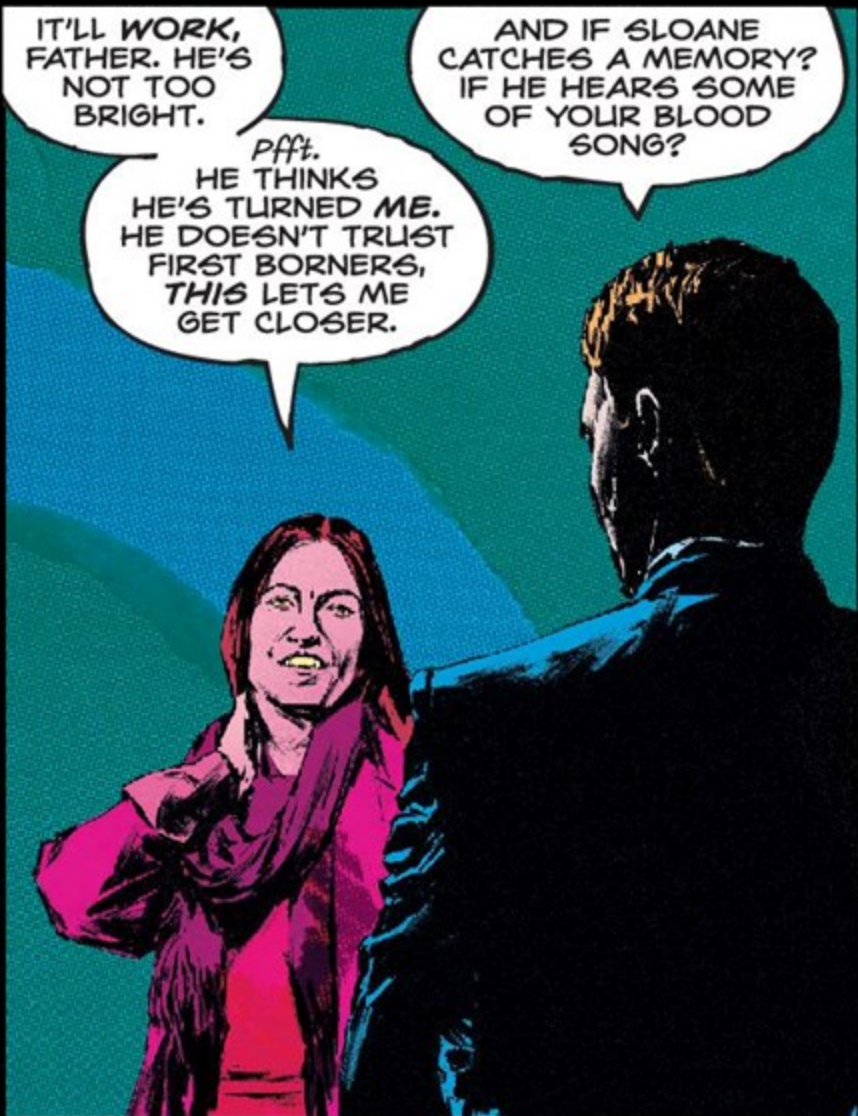
...YOUR
ARROGANCE WILL
BE THE END OF
YOU.



IT'LL WORK,
FATHER. HE'S
NOT TOO
BRIGHT.

AND IF SLOANE
CATCHES A MEMORY?
IF HE HEARS SOME
OF YOUR BLOOD
SONG?

Pfft.
HE THINKS
HE'S TURNED ME.
HE DOESN'T TRUST
FIRST BORERS,
THIS LETS ME
GET CLOSER.



"HE WON'T. HE SPENT
THE DAY CHEWING
GARLIC AND DRINKING
FERMENTED BLOOD.

"HE WAS
WASTED."

AND BESIDES,
MY BLOOD SONG
IS LONG, AND IN
TAKING A SIP OF IT, ANY
SINGLE MEMORY THAT
ATTICUS MIGHT
EXPERIENCE...



THE DARK AGES...

"... COULD BE
DISMISSED AS
ANY PASSING
NIGHTMARE."

ATTICUS,
RUN!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
MOTHER?

IT'S OKAY,
MY LOVE, WE'RE
PLAYING A GAME.
WE HAVE TO HIDE
BEFORE THEY
CAN FIND US.







"...AND THERE ARE SOME WHO DO NOT WANT TO HAVE LESS."



"SO THEY HAVE DECIDED..."

"...THEY HAVE DECIDED THERE SHOULD INSTEAD BE LESS OF US."



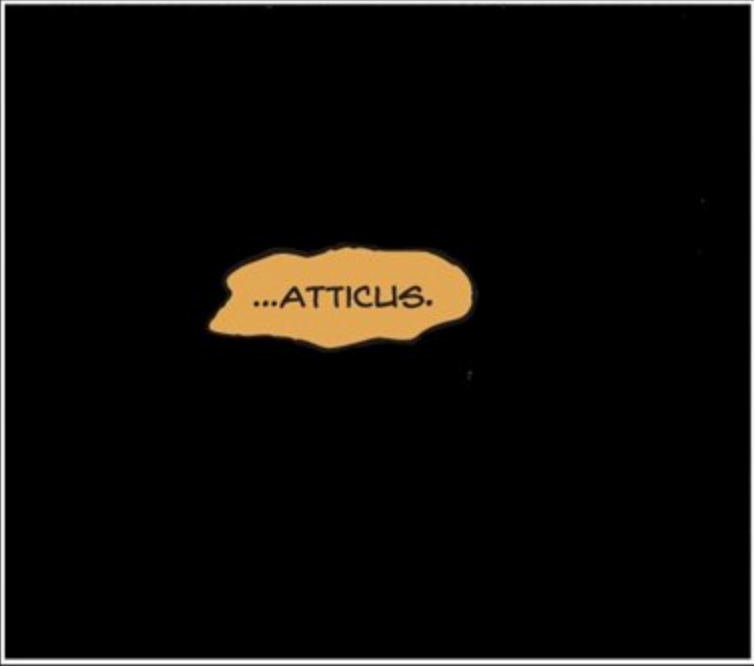
DON'T WORRY, MY DARLING BOY...

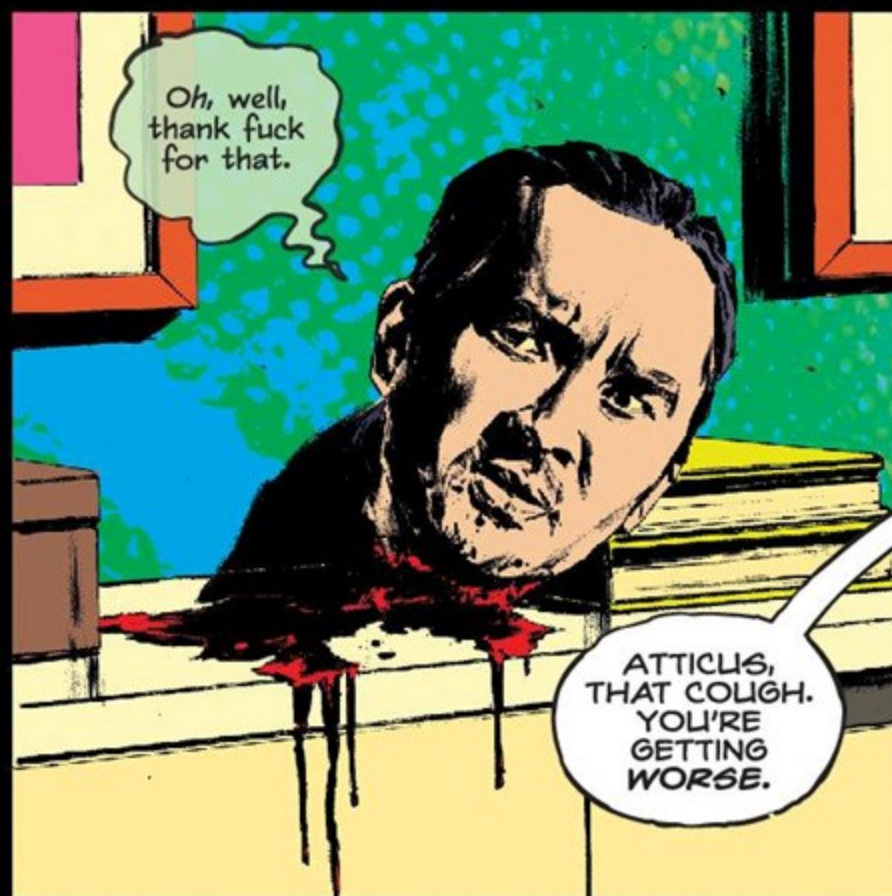
...THEY DO NOT WANT THE YOUNG. THEY DON'T WANT YOU, BUT MOMMY HAS TO GO.



NOW THE GAME IS, YOU MUST KEEP THIS DOOR SHUT, WHATEVER HAPPENS.

BE A GOOD BOY, ATTICUS.







Pfft. I'M A **FIRST BORN**, I'M MOSTLY INDESTRUCTIBLE, THIS IS JUST A MOMENTARY LAPSE IN BADASSERY.

KO~~A~~FFF

THAT FIRE ALMOST KILLED YOU. WE **REALLY** NEED TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR.



I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, WITH THAT **SINGLE-TOOTH THUG** JUST WAITING TO FINISH ME OFF.

BESIDES, I'M KIND OF ON THE **OUTS** WITH THE **FIRST BORN**S.



YOU MUST KNOW **SOMEONE** WE CAN GO SEE.

ANOTHER DOCTOR?



I'M **FINE**.

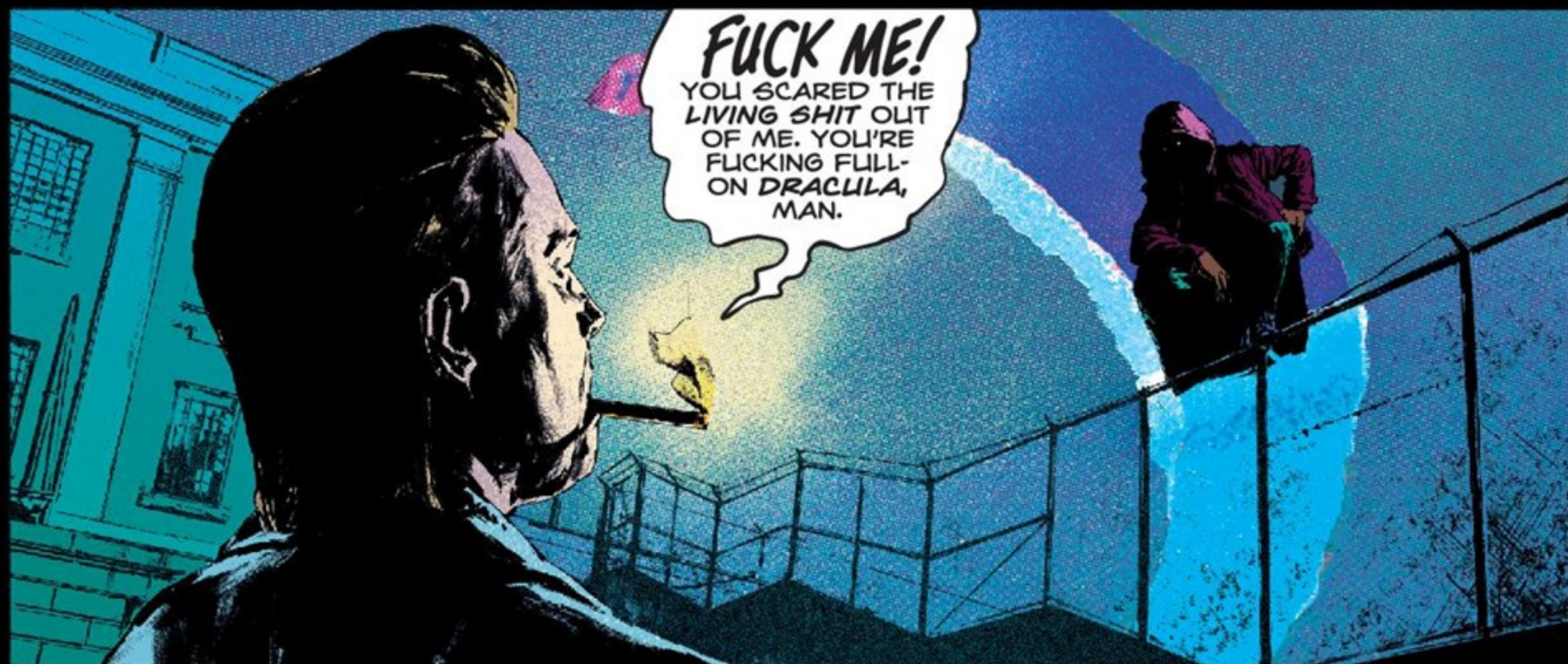
LISTEN, WHEN I SAID YOU COULD HELP, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT TO COME WITH... **TALKING**. MY **LAST** HELP DIDN'T ASK THIS MANY QUESTIONS.

IS THERE A DOCTOR? IS THERE A HOSPITAL? *Christ on a stick.*



WHAT **IS** IT WITH YOU? WHY DO YOU **KEEP** ASKING ABOUT DOCTORS?









OF COURSE NOT! SOME FIRST BORN TWAT THINKS THEY'RE BEING **FUCKING FUNNY**. PROBABLY THINK THEY'RE SENDING ME A **MESSAGE** OR SOMETHING.



YOU KNOW... THEY'RE GOING TO **BURY ME ALIVE** IN IT. It's a Vampire thing.

WOW. THE FIRST BORNs REALLY DON'T LIKE YOU, eh?



No, they do **not**.

HEY, IF SOMEONE GOT THIS IN HERE, MAYBE WE NEED TO LOOK AT YOUR SECURITY...

SHE'S **RIGHT**...











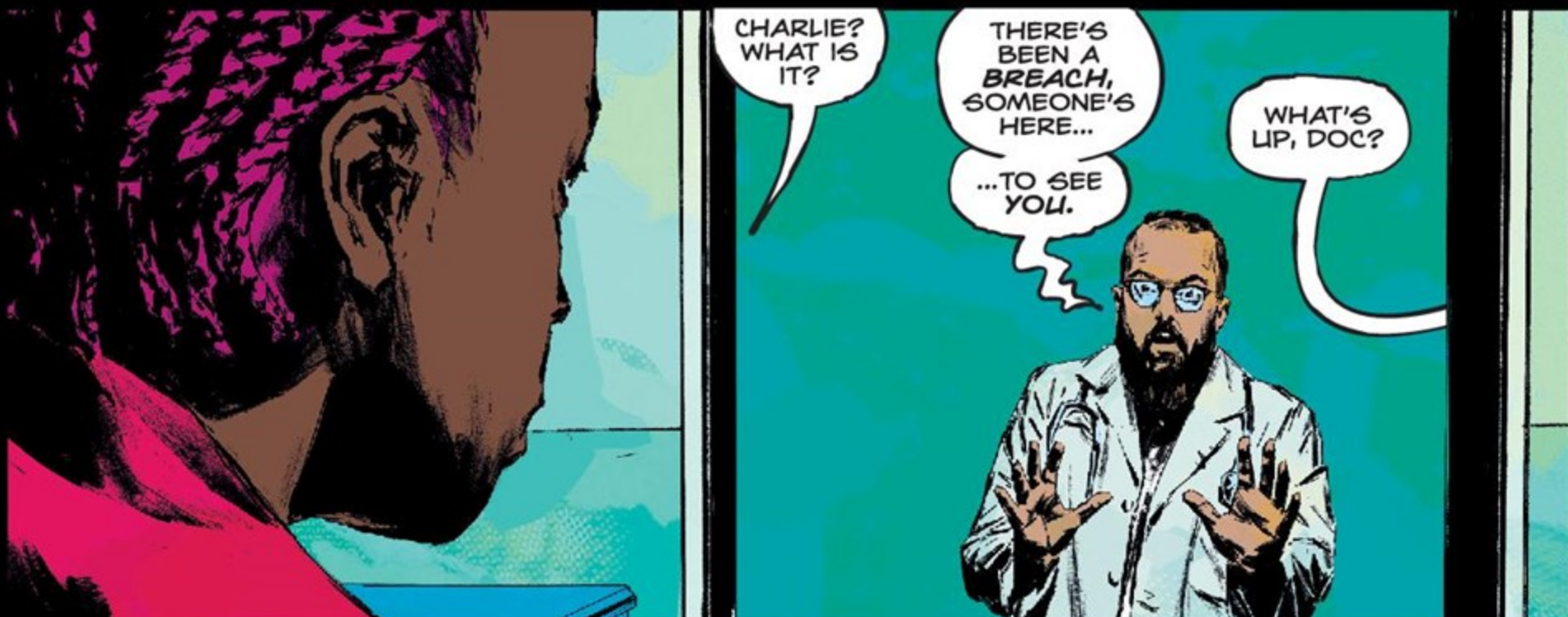




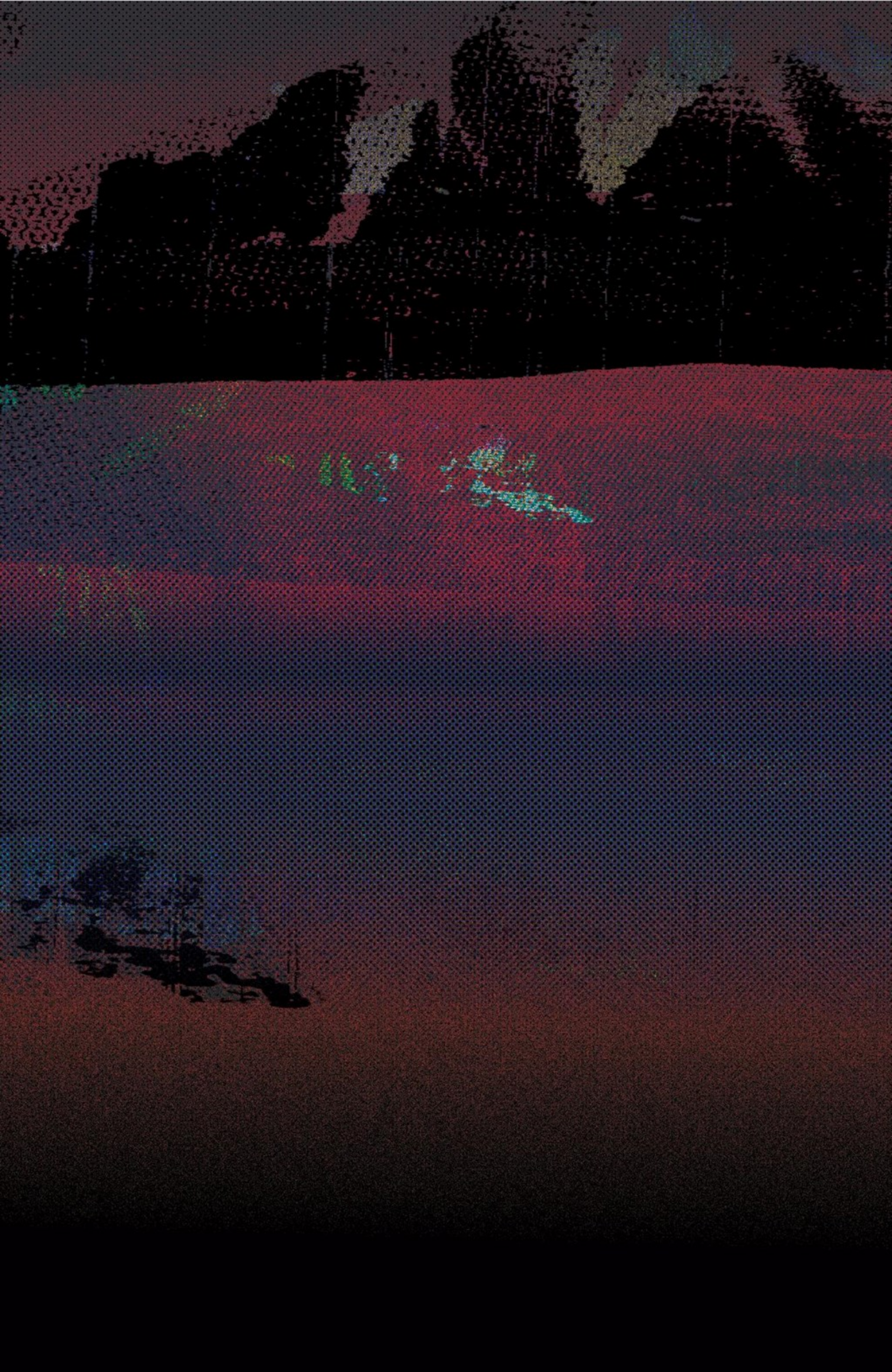












BEFORE MODERN MAN...

THEY SMELL.
I DON'T LIKE
IT HERE,
FATHER.

COME NOW.
YOUR VISIT IS
PAST DUE.

YOU'RE
OLD ENOUGH
NOW FOR
THE TRUTH,
MY SON...

...MY
DRACULA.

ONE MONTH AGO...

"THESE CREATURES,
FOUL STENCH AND ALL,
ARE WHAT MAKE OUR
LIFE SO POSSIBLE..."

"...SO COMFORTABLE."

"BUT, MY SON,
IT IS A FRAGILE
EXISTENCE."



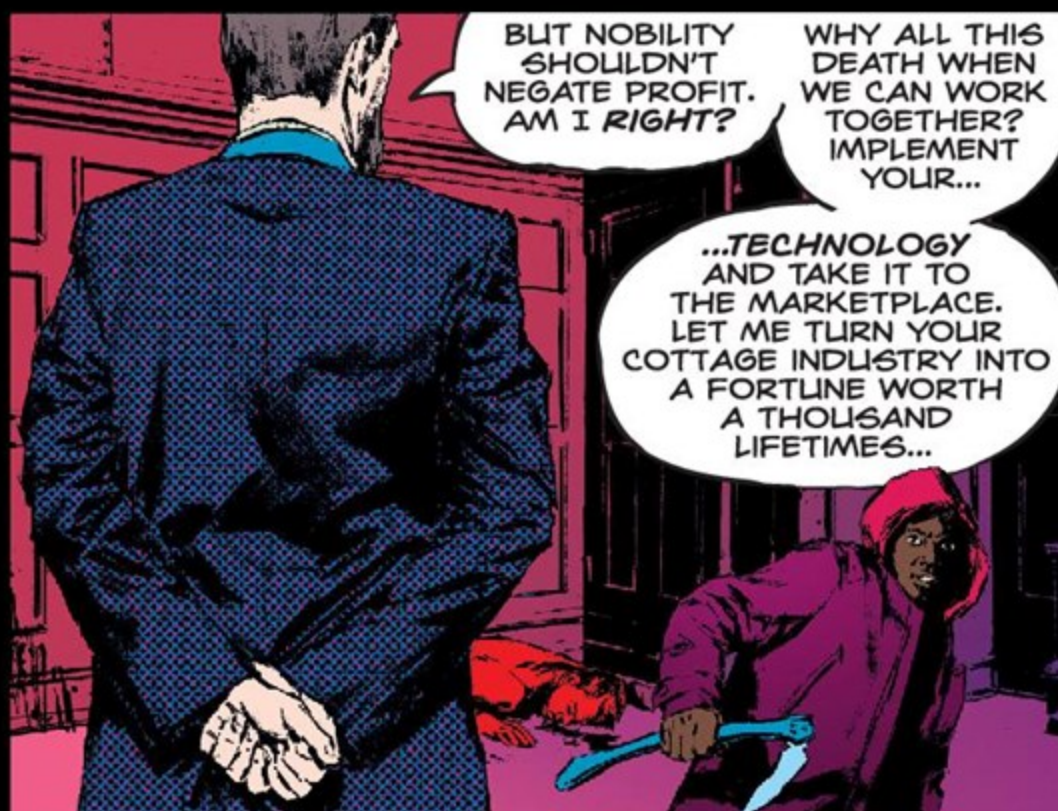


I WONDERED HOW YOU WERE TAKING OUR BLOOD, DOCTOR.



"IT TOOK US A WHILE TO WORK OUT WHAT YOU WERE DOING WITH IT.

"CURING CANCER? HOW VERY NOBLE."



BUT NOBILITY SHOULDN'T NEGATE PROFIT. AM I RIGHT?

WHY ALL THIS DEATH WHEN WE CAN WORK TOGETHER? IMPLEMENT YOUR...

...TECHNOLOGY AND TAKE IT TO THE MARKETPLACE. LET ME TURN YOUR COTTAGE INDUSTRY INTO A FORTUNE WORTH A THOUSAND LIFETIMES...



...FOR BOTH OF US.

THOSE THAT CAN AFFORD OUR CURE WILL NEVER FEAR YOUR CRUEL DISEASE AND YOU'LL NEVER WANT FOR ANYTHING EVER AGAIN.



GET FUCKED, VAMP.



DISAPPOINTING.
THIS WAS YOUR
OPPORTUNITY TO
EMBRACE CHANGE,
DOCTOR.
A *shame*.

MR. TOOTH, WILL YOU
SHOW THE GOOD
DOCTOR THE
ERROR OF
HER WAYS?



UFF!

RAAAH!

SMACK



SORRY, DARLIN', I'M NOT IN
THE MOOD FOR DANCING.
LET'S SAVE THAT FOR
ANOTHER NIGHT.

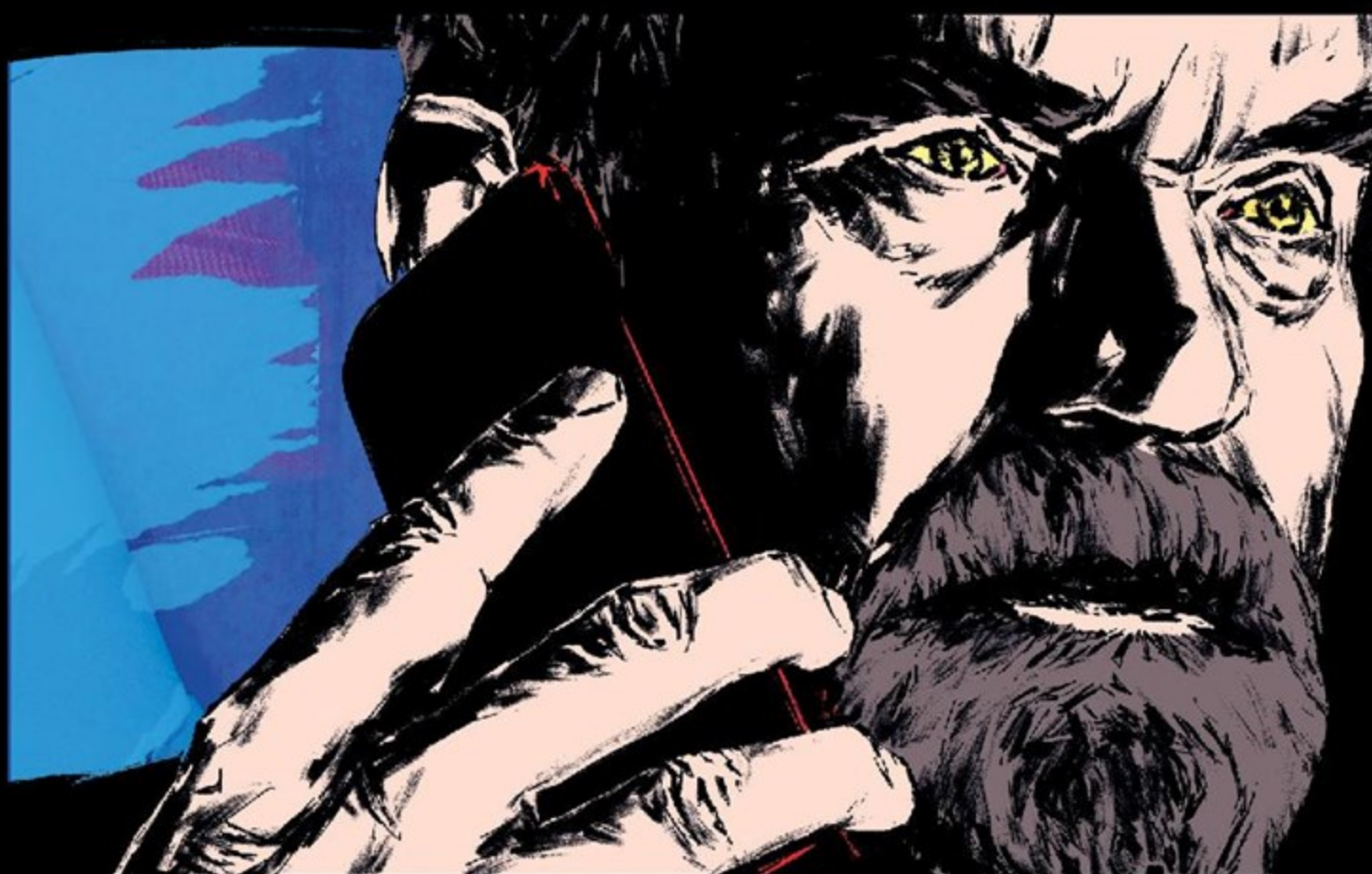
I HAVE
WHAT I
CAME
FOR.



KEEP
THE REST
WARM FOR
ME.



Hn.



MR.
SLOANE.
YOUR
TIME'S
UP.



SORRY,
ATTICUS
CAN'T TAKE
YOUR CALL
RIGHT
NOW.









WE ARE *FIRST BORN*.
WE ARE THE WORLD.
HE CANNOT DENY
HIS PLACE IN
THINGS.

YOU
ARE JUST A
HUMAN WHO'S
FORGOTTEN
HERS.

--ACK!



IT'S TIME TO
COME BACK
INTO THE FOLD
AND JOIN US,
ATTICUS.

YOU PUT
THIS RIGHT,
AND *ALL*
CAN BE
FORGIVEN.



NOW, STOP
PRETENDING
AND SHRIE
OFF THOSE
ANTS...



...AND
LET'S GET TO
STOMPING
THEM.

WAIT!





NOW...

CALF.
YOU NEED
REMINING OF
YOUR PLACE IN
THE ORDER
OF OUR
WORLD.

OFF!

Pathetic.

I'M DYING OF
CANCER, bitch,
I'M NOT SCARED
OF SOME
VANILLA
VAMPIRE.

JENFRAH!

DON'T
YOU FUCKING
TOUCH
THEM!

12

THE
FLUCK
YOU
SAY?

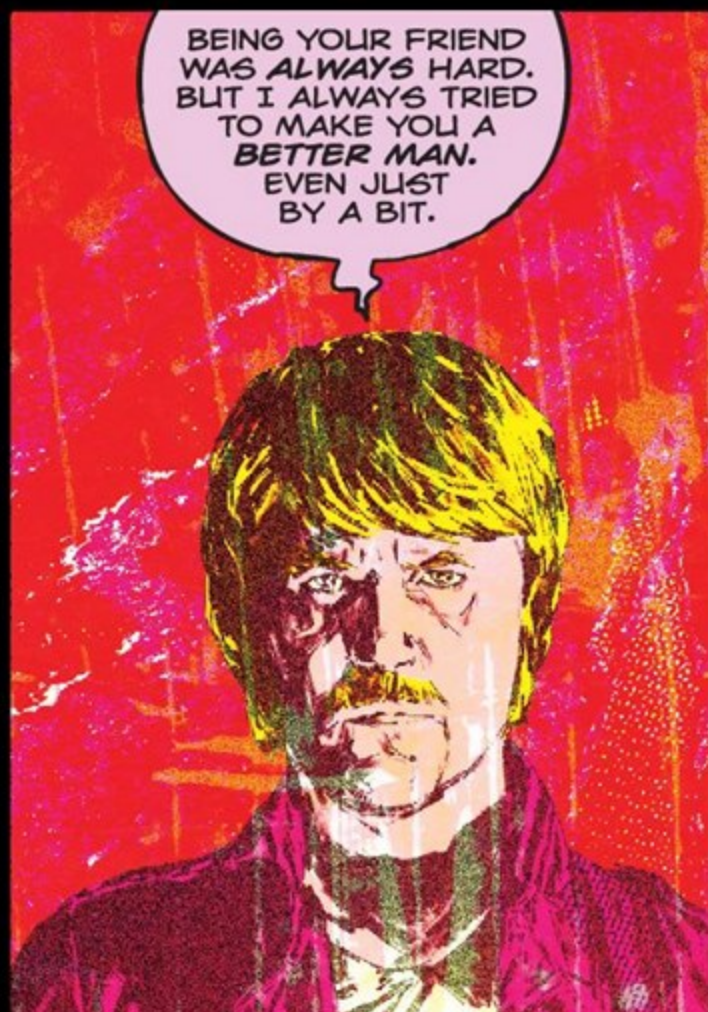
IT'S TIME FOR THE
LITTLE SPOILED
GOLD-TOOTH BRAT
TO DECIDE WHAT SIDE
HE'S ON. BECAUSE
I SWEAR TO THE OLD
FIRE, I'LL HAPPILY
CARVE YOU UP
WITH THESE
CATTLE.

Ow.

YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT
IT'S TOO LATE.
THE COUNCIL
KNOWS WHERE
WE ARE.

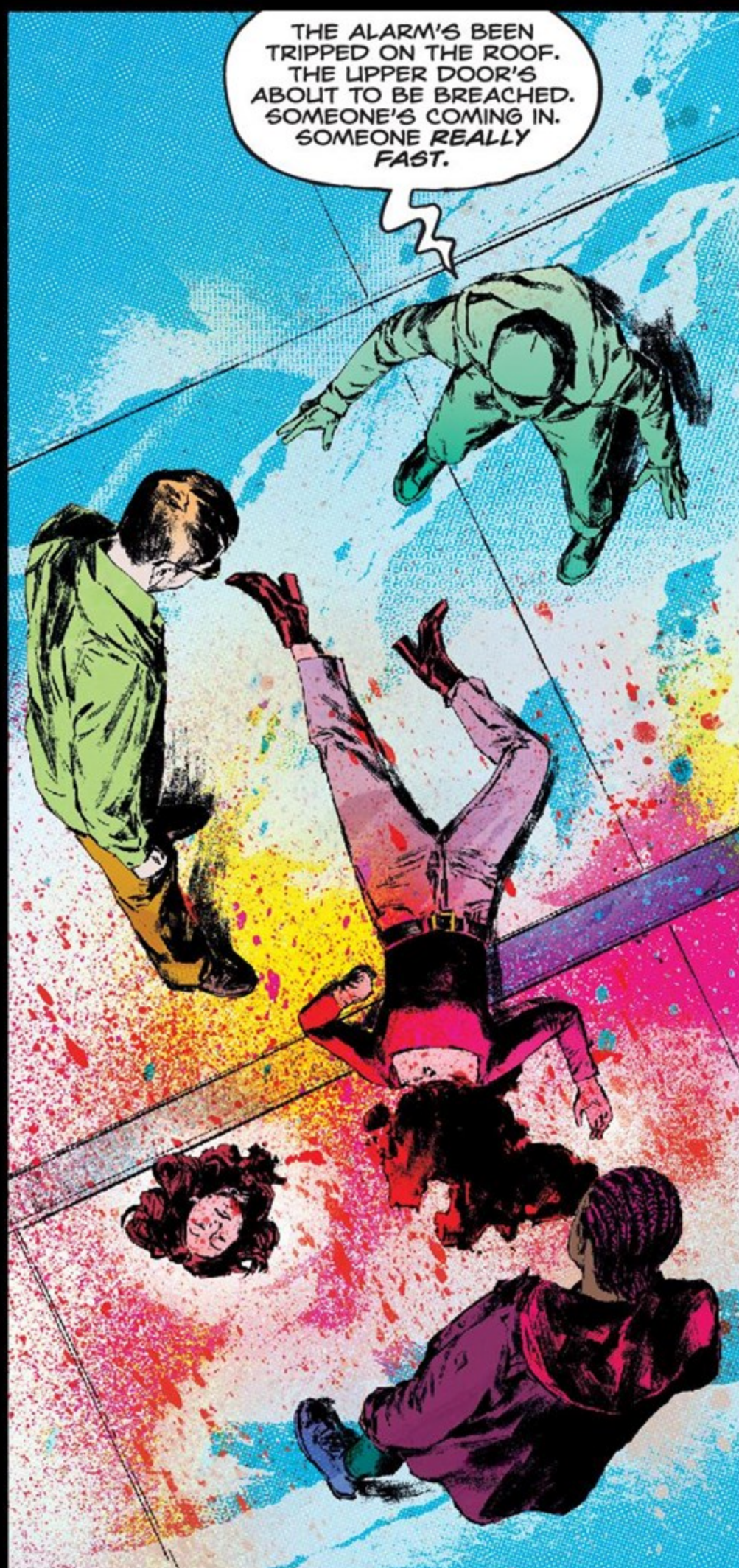
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

AND THEY'RE
COMING TO
REMIN THE
ANTS OF THEIR
PLACE IN
THE DIRT.













Fuck me,
I'm starting
to *regret*
this.

I HOPE
YOU'RE
SEEING THIS,
JOEY, YOU
ABSOLUTE
BELLEND.



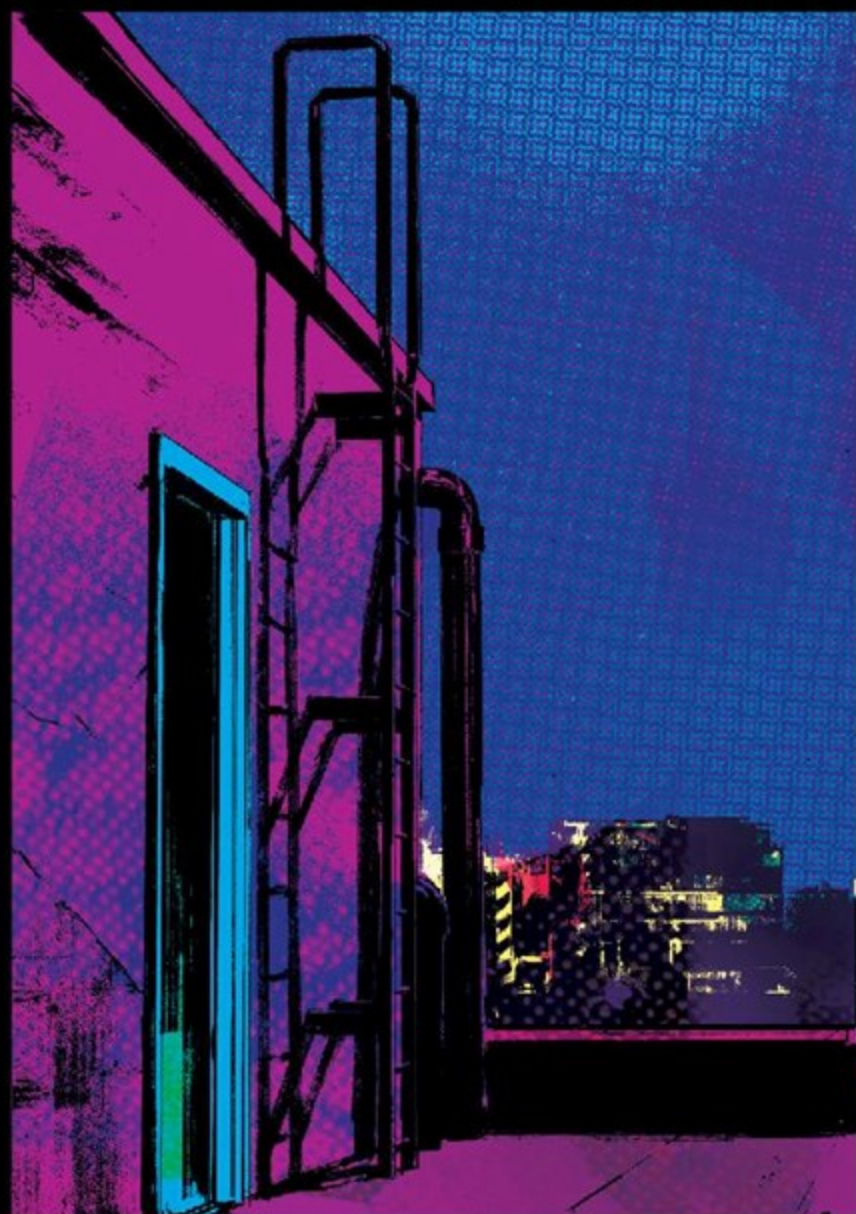
HELLO,
LITTLE
MAN.

FAIR
WARNING, YOUR
FRIEND DROPPING
ME OUT THAT
WINDOW HASN'T
DONE MUCH FOR
MY MOOD.

I RECKON
I'LL FEEL
BETTER AFTER
I KILL YOU,
THOUGH.



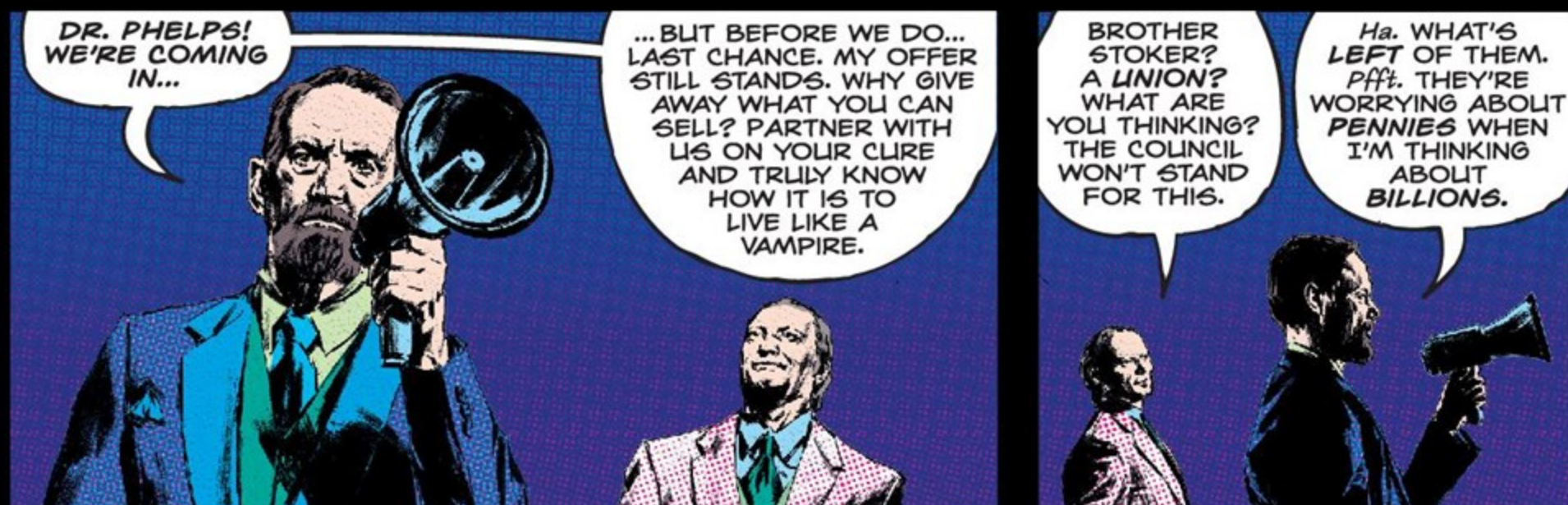
FUCKING
DENSE-BONED
MOTHER-
FUCKER.





HURRY.
HURRY!

THAT'S IT.
MIND YOUR
STEP.



DR. PHELPS!
WE'RE COMING
IN...

...BUT BEFORE WE DO...
LAST CHANCE. MY OFFER
STILL STANDS. WHY GIVE
AWAY WHAT YOU CAN
SELL? PARTNER WITH
US ON YOUR CURE
AND TRULY KNOW
HOW IT IS TO
LIVE LIKE A
VAMPIRE.

BROTHER
STOKER?
A UNION?
WHAT ARE
YOU THINKING?
THE COUNCIL
WON'T STAND
FOR THIS.

Ha. WHAT'S
LEFT OF THEM.
Pfft. THEY'RE
WORRYING ABOUT
PENNIES WHEN
I'M THINKING
ABOUT
BILLIONS.



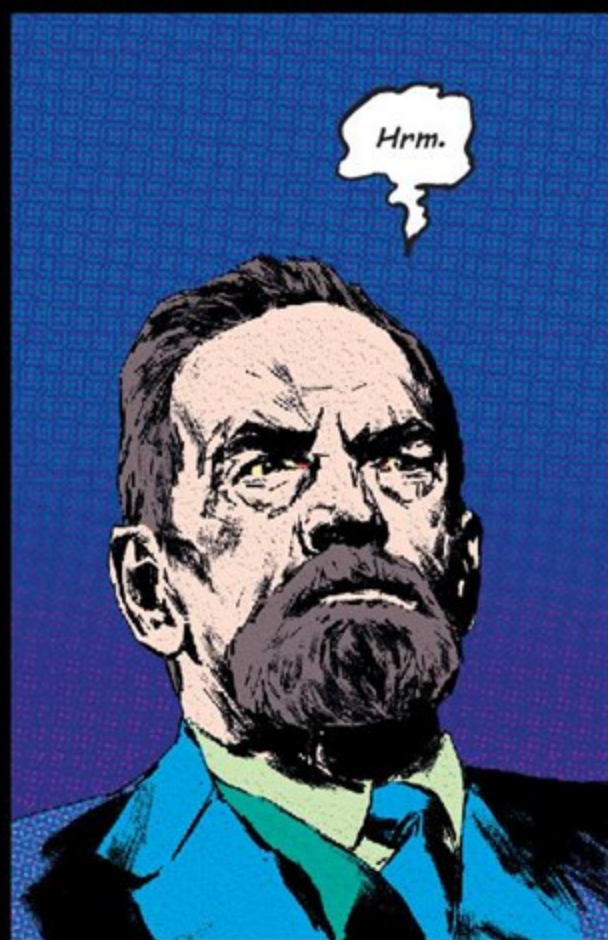
"CHANGE IS
IN THE WIND,
BROTHER
CASPIEN.

"ONLY THOSE WITH A
FLUID IMAGINATION HAVE
A PLACE IN THE WORLD
THAT'S FORMING.



"I SAY THIS--
WHY HIDE IN THE
SHADOWS WHEN THE
HUMANS WILL PAY US
RICHLY FOR A SCRAP
OF WHAT WE HAVE
AND, IN THEIR FIGHT
FOR IT, ALLOW THEIR
RESOURCES TO
DWINDLE?

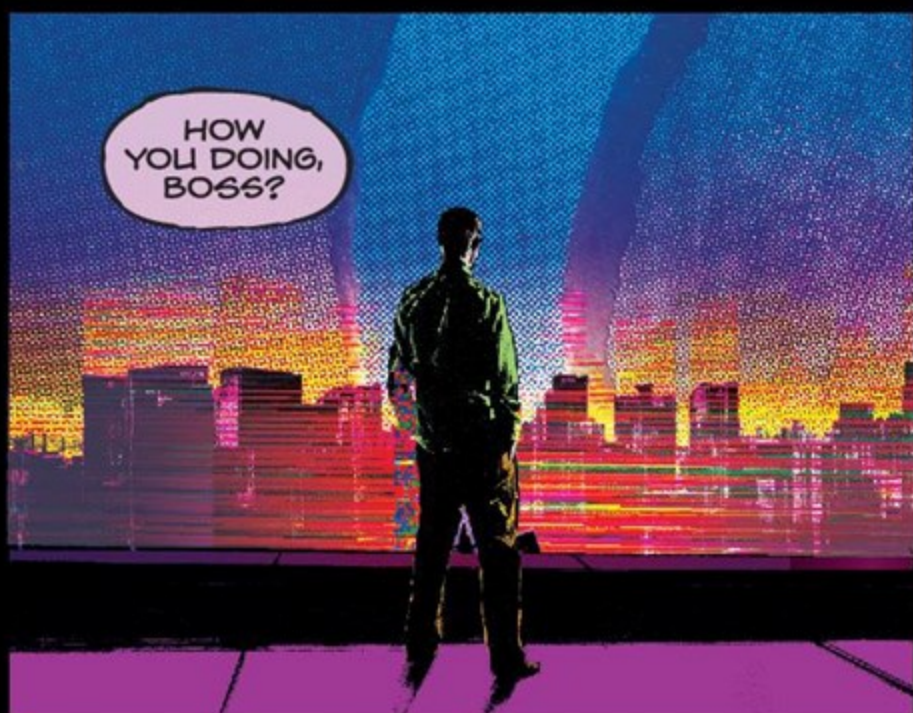
"LEAVING US SIMPLY
WITH A LARGER BUT
MORE FRIGHTENED
WORKFORCE. SWEET,
INESCAPABLE
DEPENDENCY."

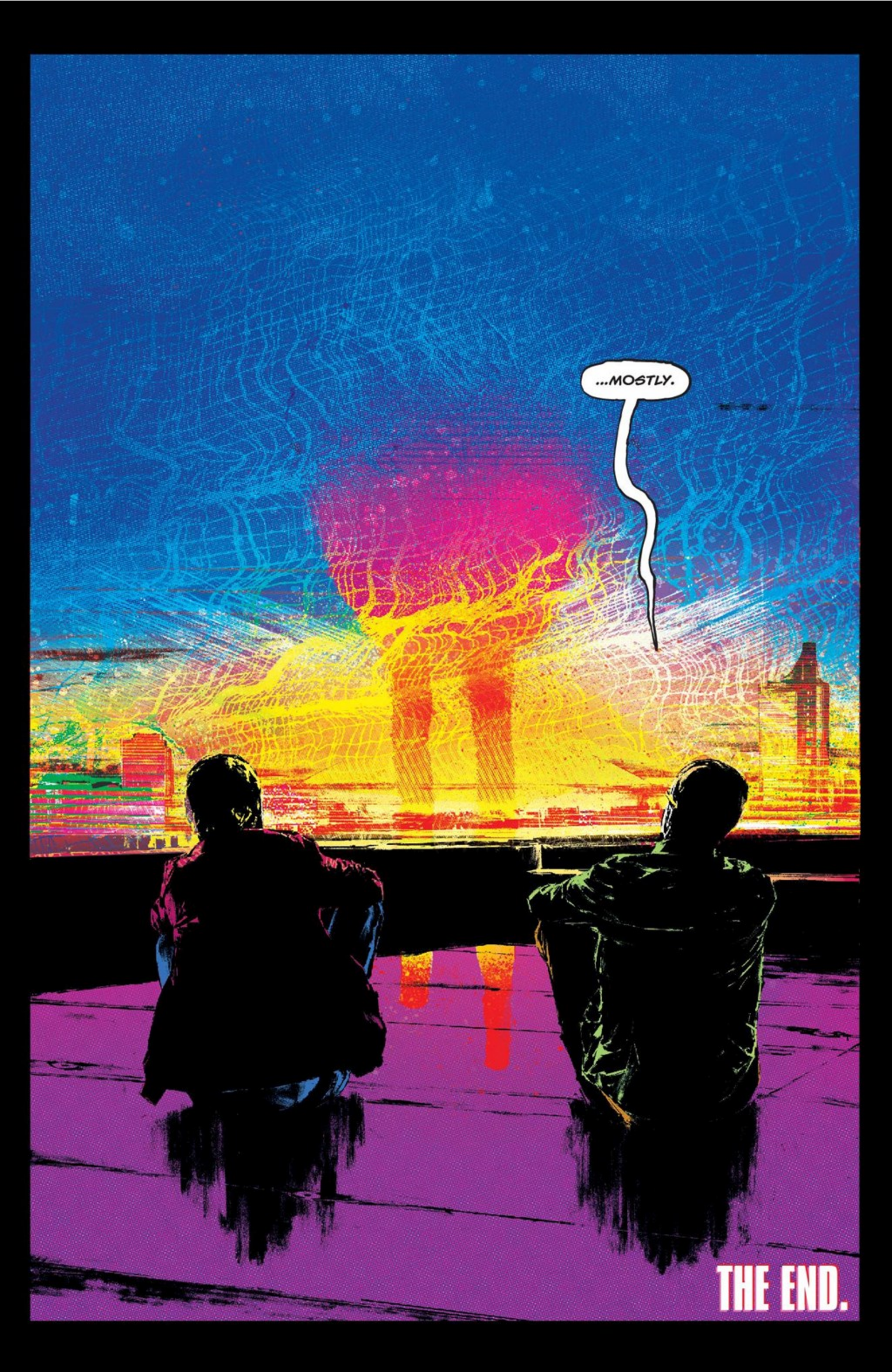






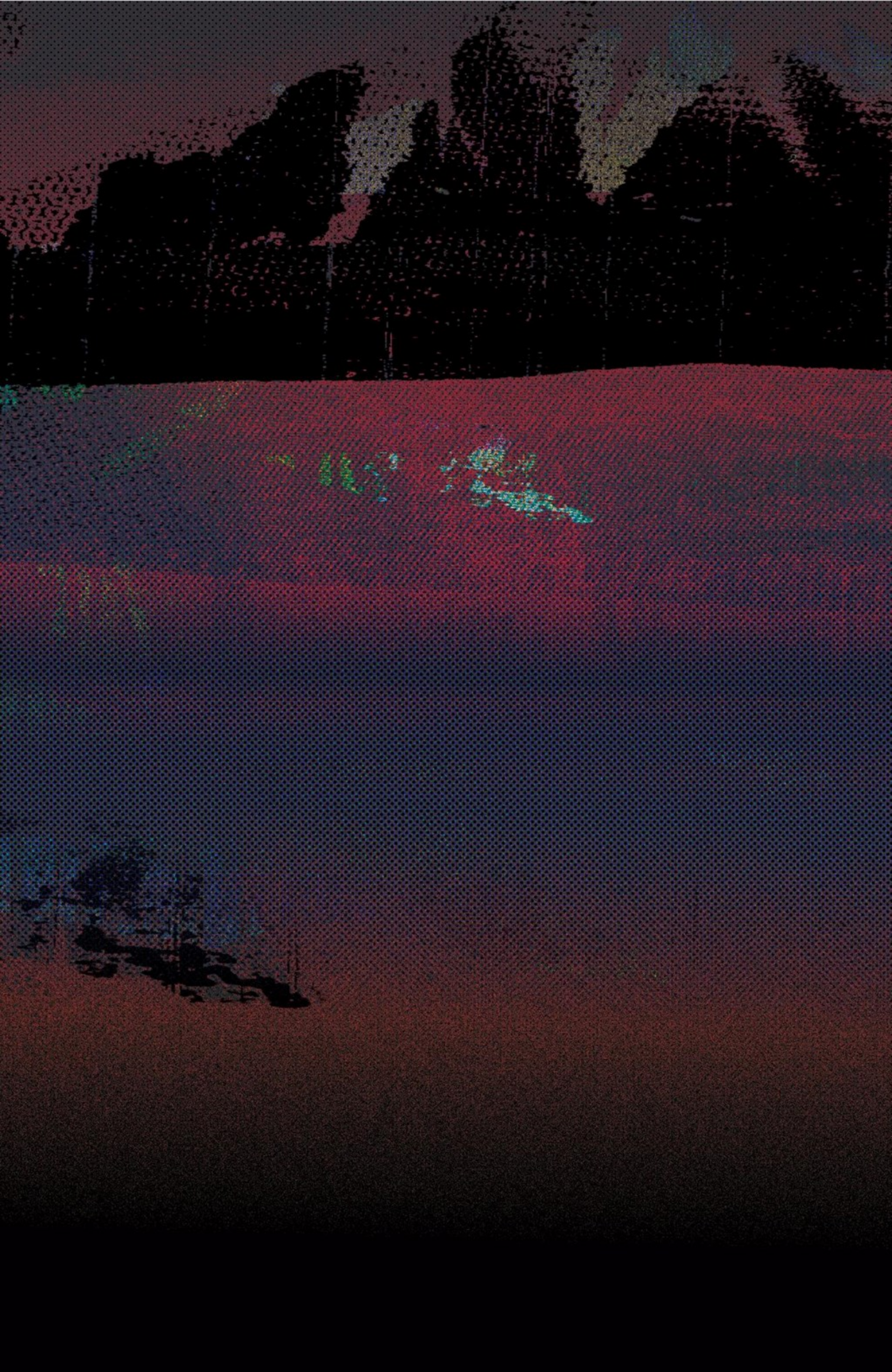




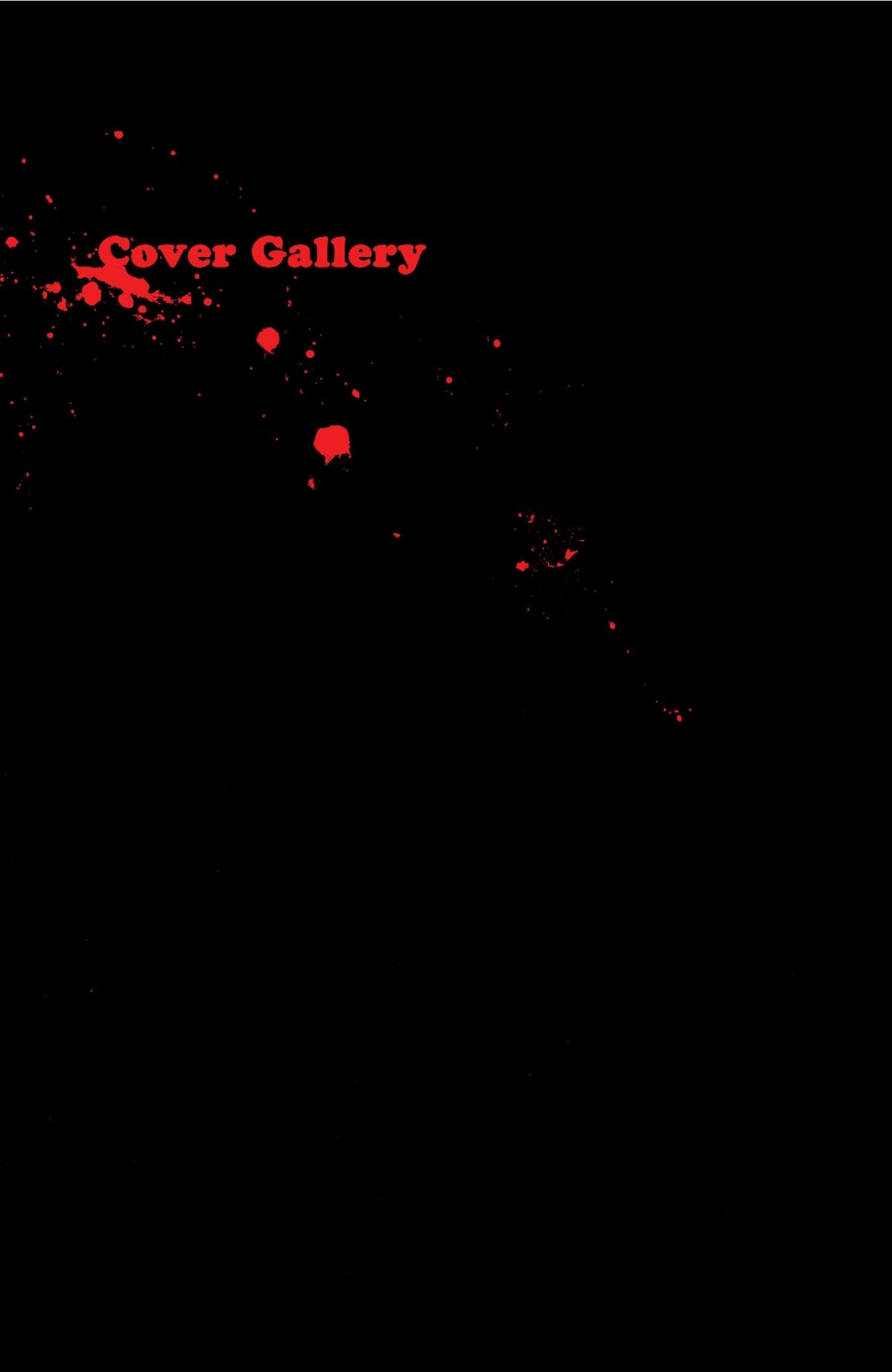


...MOSTLY.

THE END.



Cover Gallery





Christian Ward

BLOOD STAINED TITLE



VAMPS
ARE
REAL

Christian Ward



Christian Ward

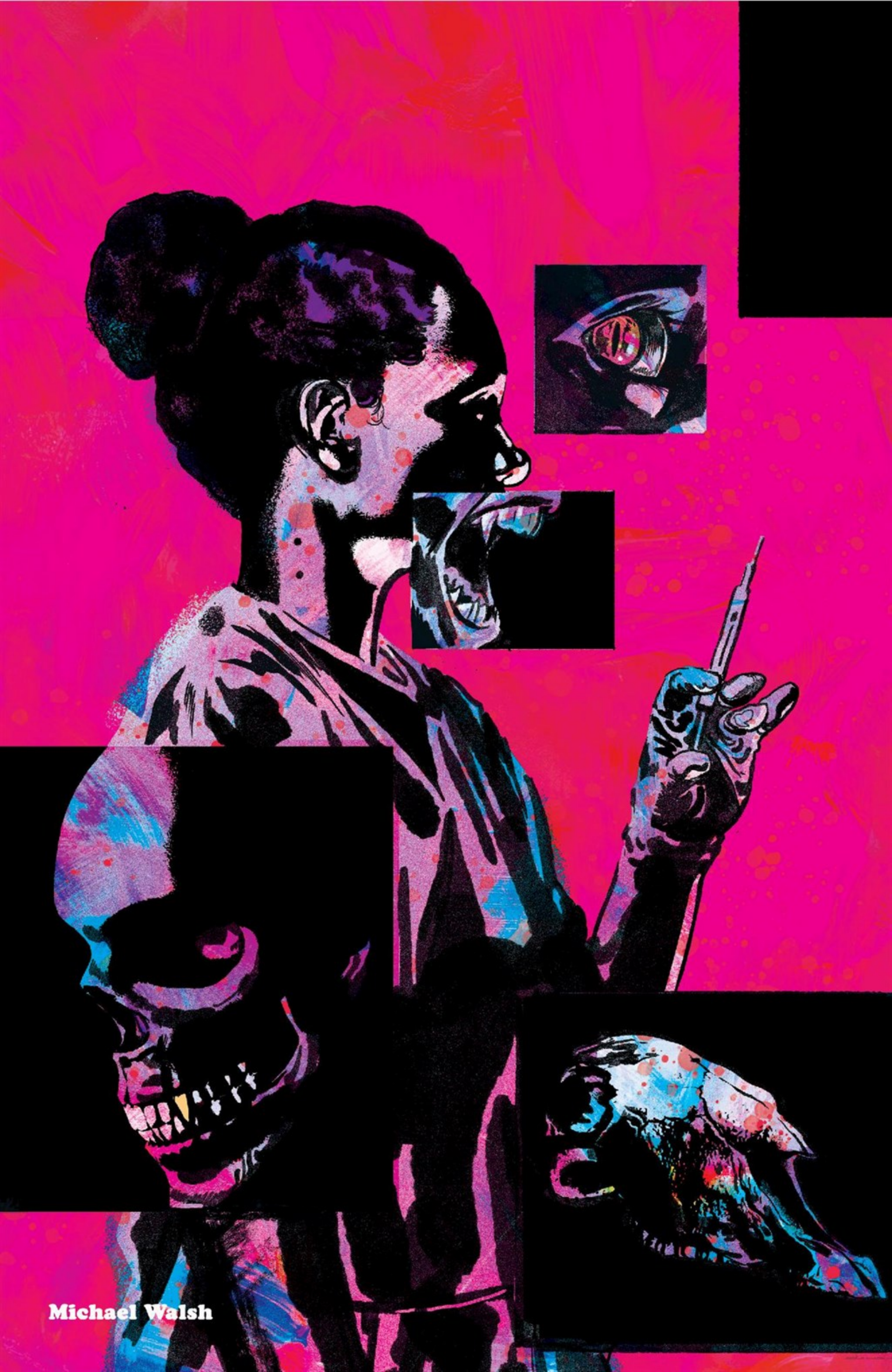


Christian Ward

CJW

Christian Ward









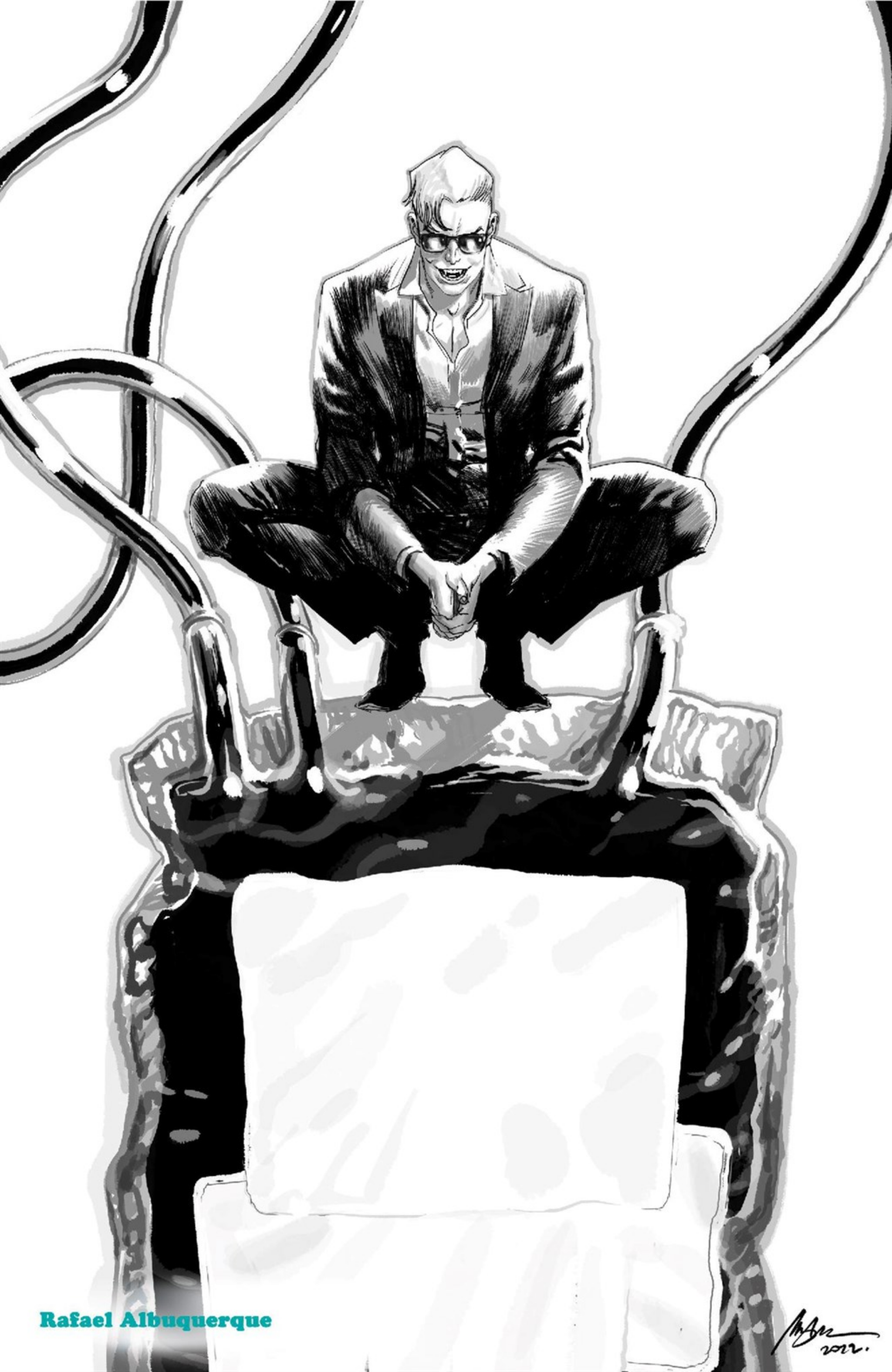
BLOOD STAINED TEETH

Andrea Sorrentino



Tula Lotay





Creator Bios



CHRISTIAN WARD

Christian is a multi-Eisner winning comic book artist and writer. He is perhaps best known for his cosmic space operas *Invisible Kingdom* and *ODY-C* as well as being the artist on the acclaimed DC Black Label series *Aquaman Andromeda*. He is also the writer/co-creator of *Machine Gun Wizards* with artist Sami Kivela. He lives in Shrewsbury, UK with his two daughters, his wife Catherine and pug named Thor.



PATRIC REYNOLDS

Patric left his former life as a Las Vegas high school teacher with a house, a pension, and new Toyota to go learn how to become a comic book artist. Since 2009, he has worked on several Dark Horse comics and more recently he's worked with *Halt and Catch Fire* creator Christopher Cantwell on *The Mask* and Rodney Barnes and Jason Shawn Alexander on *Nita Hawes' Nightmare Blog*. He now lives in Portland, Oregon with a sofa unit, Medicaid, and a bus pass. He couldn't be happier.



HEATHER MOORE

Heather is a colorist whose work with Image Comics includes *The New World* and *Lost Soldiers*.



MACK CHATER

Eisner-nominated comic book artist Mack Chater has worked with a wide range of US and European publishers including Dark Horse, Marvel, IDW, 2000AD, Dargaud/Soleil and Image. Working on notable characters/books as *Black Panther*, *Wolverine*, *Spider-man*, *Star Trek*, and *Judge Dredd*, to name a few.



HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU

Hassan is a British/Algerian letterer who has worked on comics like *What's the Furthest Place From Here?*, *Poison Ivy*, *Bloodshot* and many more. He's also the editor of the Eisner Award-winning *PanelxPanel* magazine, and voice of *Strip Panel Naked*.



HEATHER ANTOS

Heather is an award-winning comic book editor and writer most known for her work on *Marvel's Star Wars* and *Deadpool* lines, as well as one of the co-creators of *Gwenpool*. Now, you can find her editing various titles at Image Comics, IDW, and more!



“Pulpy, pop-y, blood splattering goodness that subverts horror expectations...”

—David Dastmalchian

“Christian Ward proves here that he’s not only one of the best artists in the medium, but also a compellingly gifted storyteller.” —*Oblivion Bar Podcast*

“...brings wallop after wallop... a frenetically paced nightmare ride, expertly crafted to deliver shivery jolts.”

—*Comic Book Couples Counseling*

“Every new vampire book promises to change the way you look at vampires, but BLOOD STAINED TEETH actually does it.”

—Pornsak Pichetshote

“...a modern horror classic.”

—*ComicCon.com*

“Oozes with style, drips with color, and goes right for the jugular...”

—James Tynion IV

**WELCOME TO A WORLD WHERE BLOOD
ISN'T THE ONLY THING VAMPIRES CRAVE.**

For decades, Atticus Sloane has been turning humans into Vampires known as Sips. Now, the First Born Council, a secret cabal of billionaire Vampires, has issued Atticus a threat—kill all his Sips, or the Council will kill him.

But what does their plan have to do with Beverly Phelps, a doctor-turned-Vampire who, even as Atticus hunts his Sips, is hunting members of the First Born Council?

Continuing the hit new vamp noir book from CHRISTIAN WARD (ODY-C, *Invisible Kingdom*, *Machine Gun Wizards*) and PATRIC REYNOLDS (NITA HAWES' NIGHTMARE BLOG, *The Mask*).

Collects BLOOD STAINED TEETH #6-10



Rated M / Mature
Crime & Mystery / Horror